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a **BIG** **52 PAGE** magazine

Miss America

10¢ JAN.

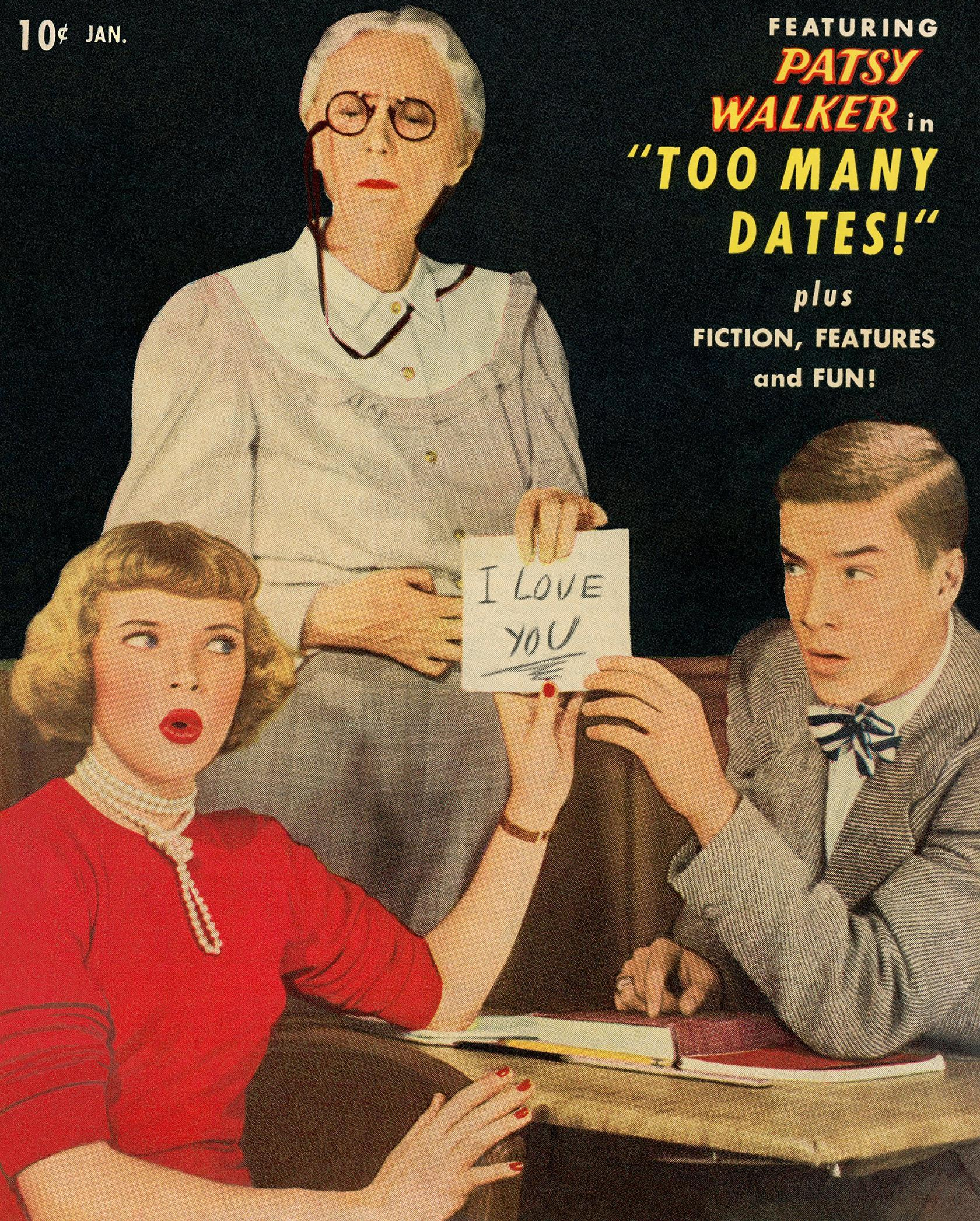
FEATURING

PATSY WALKER in

"TOO MANY DATES!"

plus

FICTION, FEATURES and FUN!



Reducing Specialist Says:

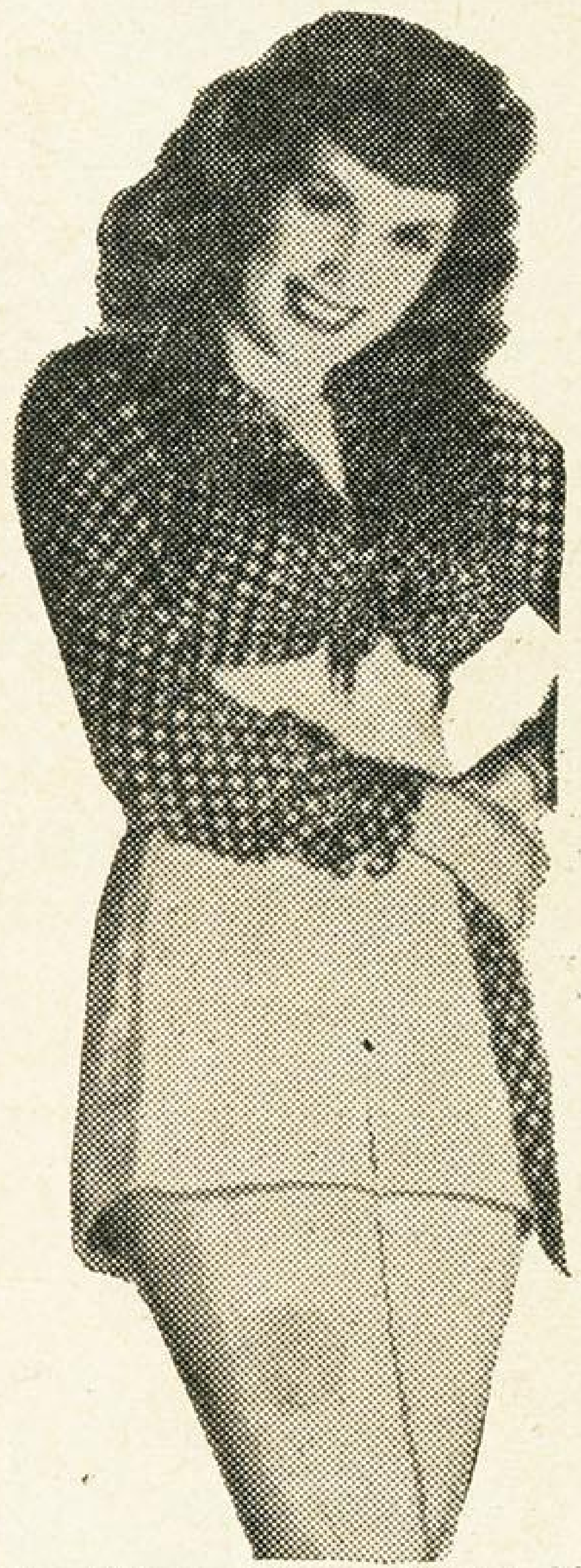
"Thanks to the Spot Reducer, I lost four inches around the hips and three inches around the waistline. It's amazing." Mary Martin, Long Island City, N. Y.

DON'T STAY FAT...LOSE POUNDS AND INCHES SAFELY- WITHOUT RISKING HEALTH

REDUCE

most any part of the body with

SPOT REDUCER



Miss Nancy Mace, Bronx, N. Y., says: "I went from size 16 dress to a size 12 with the use of the Spot Reducer. I am glad I used it."

DOCTORS PROVE BY ACTUAL TEST THAT THIS EASY TO USE SPOT REDUCER HELPS LOSE POUNDS AND INCHES WHERE IT SHOWS MOST. Yes . . . Doctors say that this method of reducing will help you lose weight easily, pleasantly, safely. Nothing internal to take, No pills, laxatives or harmful drugs. Just think of it you can lose weight in SPOTS, just in the places it shows most. All you do is follow the instructions of this amazing, new, scientifically designed SPOT REDUCER.

HOW SPOT REDUCER WORKS. The Spot Reducer uses the age old principle of massage. It breaks down excess fatty tissue, tones the muscles and flesh and the increased awakened blood circulation carries away waste fat economically, simply, pleasantly. In a recent Medical Book, edited by the chairman and two other members of Council on Physical Therapy of AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, the following is stated on page 34, Chapter 18, Vol. 3.: "Beyond all question something can be done by massage to reduce local deposits of FAT . . . There can however, be no question that massage applied to the region of the HIPS can and does, reduce the amount of fatty deposits in this region". This book is a reliable unbiased source of information and many doctors refer to it for the last word in Physical Therapy. This prompted us to develop and have doctors test the SPOT REDUCER.

HERE IS PROOF POSITIVE THAT THE SPOT REDUCER WORKS!

In recent tests made by outstanding licensed Medical Doctors on more than 100 people with the use of Spot Reducer everyone lost pounds and inches in a few short weeks, in HIPS, ABDOMEN, LEGS, ARMS, BUTTOCKS, etc. And the users say: "IT WAS FUN AND THEY ENJOYED IT." The Spot Reducer worked as well on men as it did on women. The Spot Reducer way controls weight, once down to normal it helps retain your new "SLIM FIGURE" as long as you like. Look and feel better, see bulges disappear within the first weeks. The beauty of this scientifically designed SPOT REDUCER is that the method is so simple and easy, the results quick, sure and harmless. Thousands have lost weight this way in hips, abdomen, legs, arms, buttocks, etc. The same method used by stage, screen and radio personalities and leading reducing salons. The Spot Reducer can be used in the privacy of your own room in your spare time.

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1025 Broad St., Newark, New Jersey

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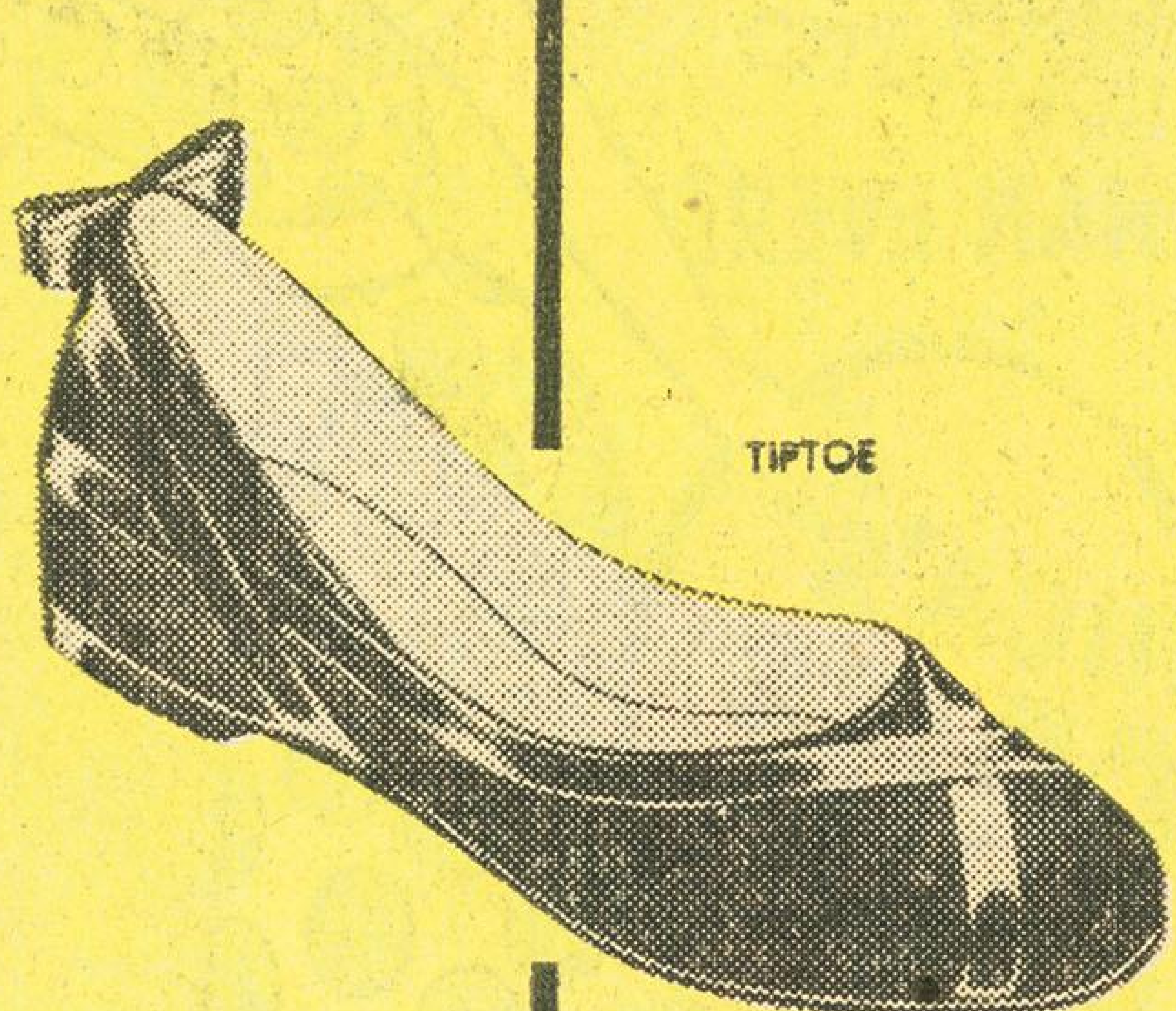
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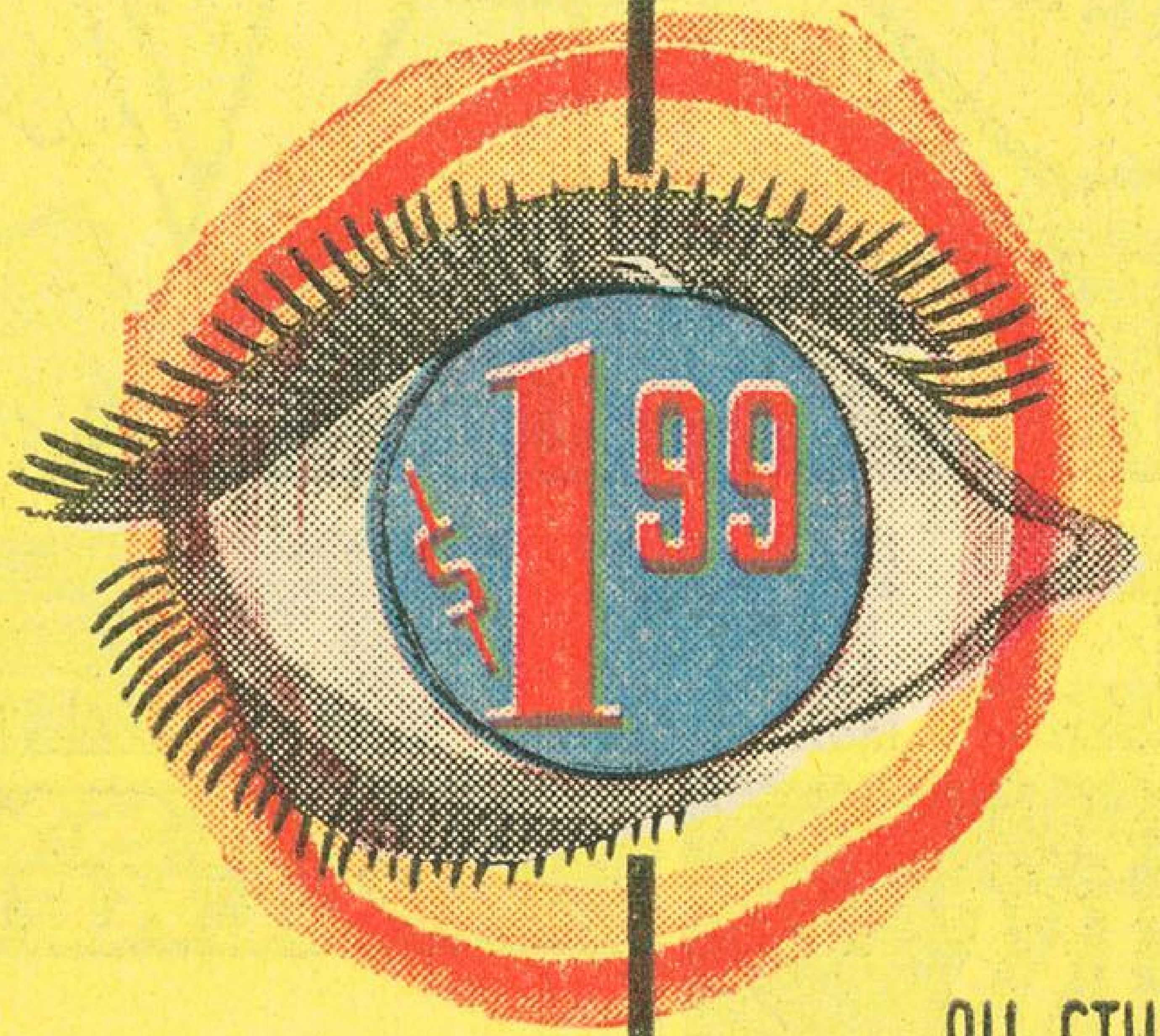

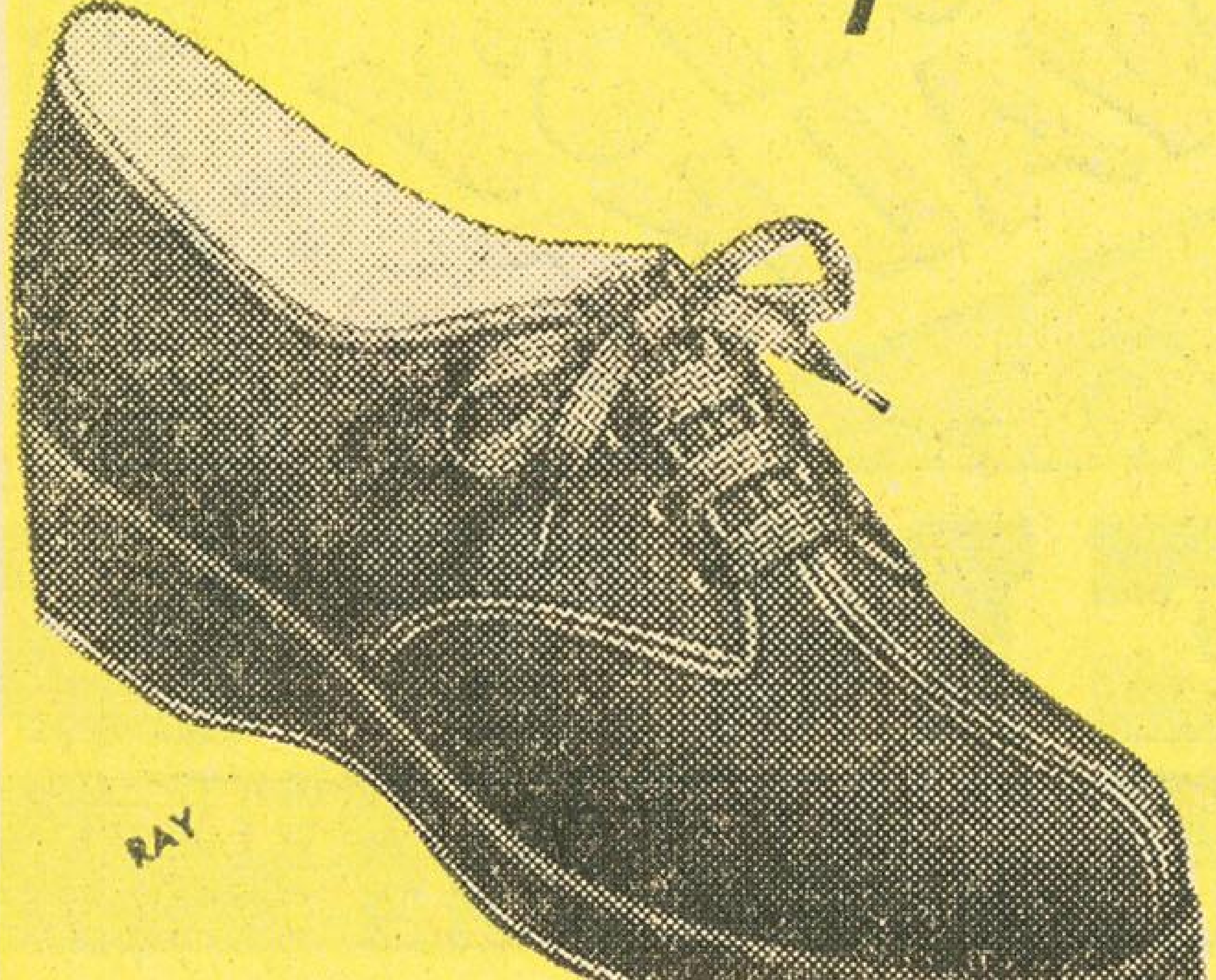
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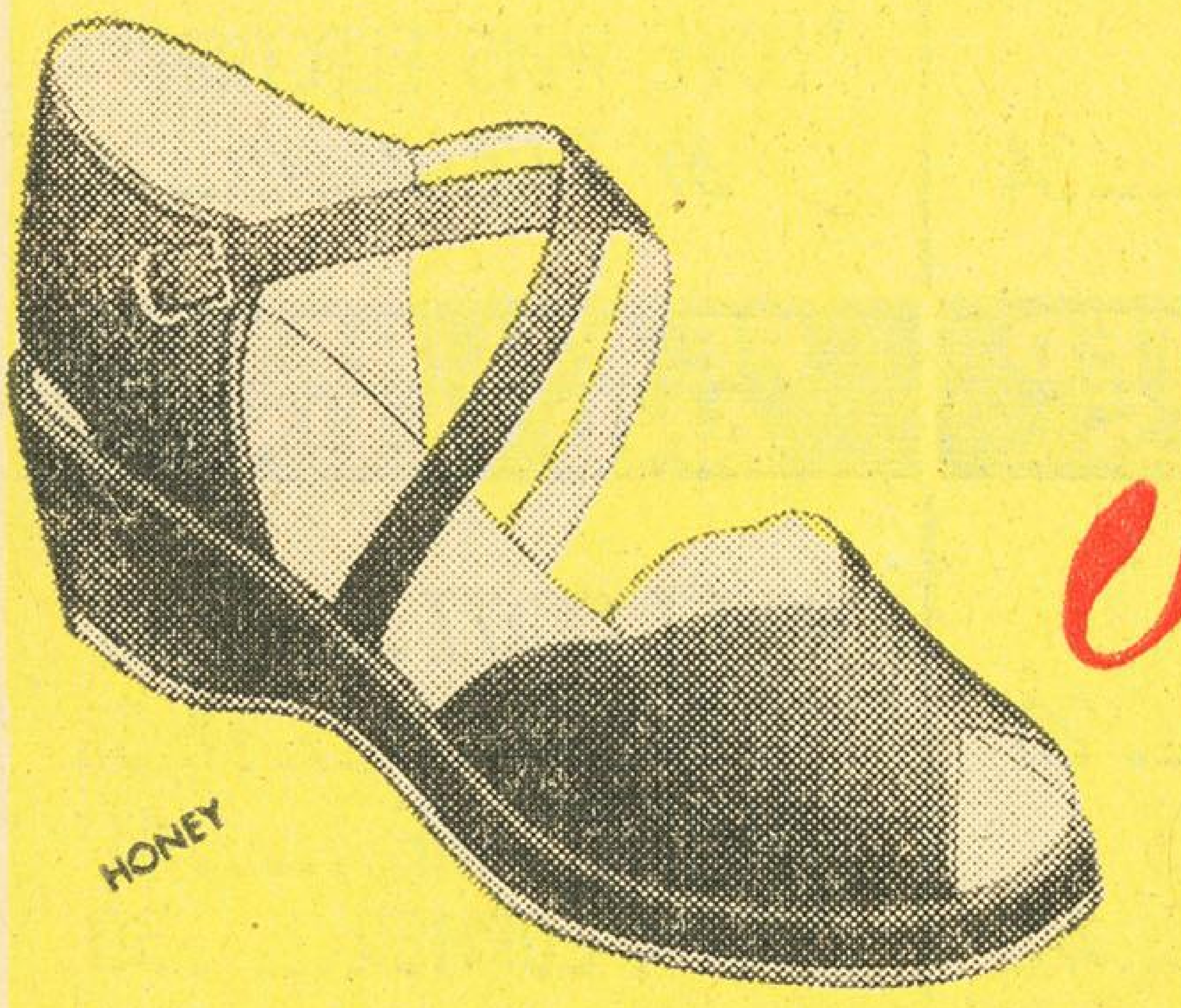
ALL STYLES IN
SIZES 4 TO 10
MED. WIDTHS...

- JET BLACK
- TOWN BROWN
- PINE GREEN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CONTENTS

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"TOO MANY DATES!" 6
"THE PROBLEM PET!" 34

TRUE-TO-LIFE TALES

"HEAVY DATE" *BY N. OBER* 14
"LOVE WINS ELECTION" *BY T. HAMMOND* ... 26

ILLUSTRATED ROMANCES

"THE HAUNTING PAST!" 20
"FOR THE LOVE OF GAIL!" 42

FEATURES AND FUN

WHIZZ QUIZZ 31, 48
FOR GIRLS ONLY 32, 33
STITCHIN' TIME 41
CHARM CORNER 30

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FOOD FOR FUN

SUCCULENT SWEETS . . .

Are you interested in a wonderful way of glazing sweet potatoes? It's tasty and perfect with broiled or fried chicken.

Boil six medium-sized sweet potatoes until just tender. Remove the jackets and split them in two, lengthwise. Grease a baking pan with butter or margarine and spread the pan with ¼ of a cup of brown sugar. Sprinkle with a little salt and dot with butter.

Arrange the sweet potatoes in the pan and cover them with another ¼ of a cup of brown sugar. Dot with butter and bake in a moderate oven for half an hour, basting several times and turning the potatoes once.

CLAM CLASSIC . . .

Let's try it the Italian way! Are you interested in a clam dish that calls for the herb oregano, which you can find at any good shop that sells fresh or dried herbs?

Scrub and rinse two dozen clams. Put them in a kettle with ½ of a cup of water and steam until the shells open. Take the clams out of the shells.

Put about four tablespoons of olive oil in a saucepan and in it brown two cloves of chopped garlic. Add two cups of tomatoes, ¼ of a teaspoon dried oregano and a bit of minced parsley. Season with salt and pepper. Cook slowly, stirring often, for 20 minutes. Then add the whole steamed clams, heat and serve on toasted Italian bread. It makes a grand luncheon or supper dish.

TRUE or FALSE?

It's "indiscreet" to dance on "those days" of the month

FALSE. A bit of the light fantastic won't hurt you. But no mad square-dancing, please—it's bad to overdo.

That's just *one* piece of good advice in the Modess book, "Growing Up and Liking It." Written especially for you, it discusses the facts which may puzzle you about "those days."

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TRUE or FALSE?

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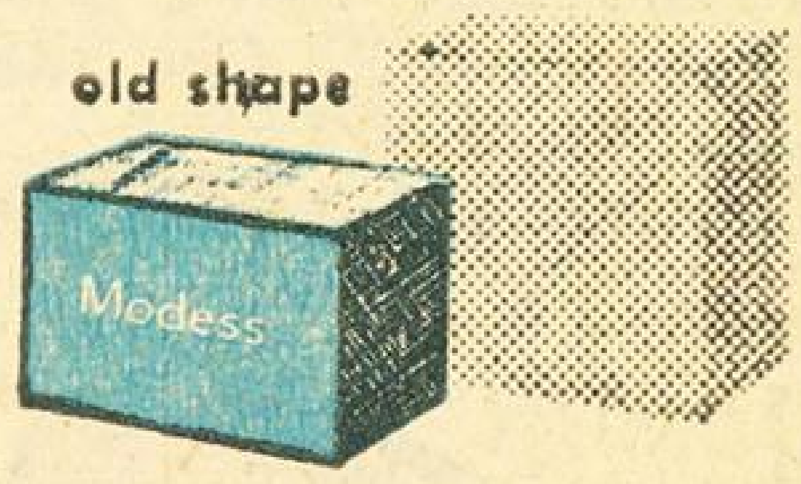

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Name____________________

Address____________________

City____________________

State____________________Age________

PATSY WALKER
WE'LL HAVE A WONDERFUL TIME TONIGHT!
AH! ROMANCE, MUSIC, MOONLIGHT!
WE SHOULD'VE PLANNED ON GOING ON A BOAT RIDE UP TO BEAR MOUNTAIN LONG BEFORE THIS!
TOO MANY DATES!
6931
WELL, TONIGHT WE'RE REALLY GOING TO BE LIVIN'! I UNDERSTAND THEY HAVE STAN BENTON AND HIS BAND ON THE BOAT THIS WEEK!
WHO CARES! ALL I WANT IS TO CUDDLE UP ON A NICE COMFORTABLE DECK CHAIR, AND RELAX!
IF YOU THINK YOU'RE GOING TO SLEEP WHILE EVERYONE'S DANCING, YOU'D BETTER GET YOURSELF ANOTHER DATE!
1

GOLLY, NANCY, AREN'T YOU JUST THRILLED?
OH, YES! IT SOUNDS LIKE YOU'LL HAVE REAL FUN!
WHAT DO YOU MEAN, I'LL HAVE FUN? DON'T YOU THINK YOU'LL ENJOY IT?
NOT QUITE! YOU SEE, I'M NOT GOING!
WHAT?? BUT, NANCY, WE'RE COUNTING ON YOUR BEING WITH US!
I'M SORRY, PATSY, BUT I JUST CAN'T MAKE IT!
WHY NOT, NANCY? AFTER ALL, YOU... OW!
ER--I'M SURE THAT'S NOT YOUR BUSINESS, BUZZ!
IF NANCY DOESN'T CARE TO GO, I GUESS SHE KNOWS WHAT SHE'S DOING!
OH, IT'S NOT THAT I DON'T WANT TO! I JUST CAN'T, AS FAR AS I KNOW RIGHT NOW! BUT, BY TONIGHT I MIGHT BE ABLE TO!
ANYWAY, I'LL DROP AROUND BEFORE YOU ALL LEAVE AND LET YOU KNOW!
OKAY, NAN! 'BYE, NOW!

SAY, WHAT'S THE IDEA OF PUTTING A DENT IN MY LEG?
OH, SOMETIMES MEN ARE SO BLIND!
BLIND, MY EYE! YOU MEAN CRIPPLED!
COULDN'T YOU SEE THAT THE REASON NAN COULDN'T GO WAS BECAUSE SHE HASN'T GOT A DATE?
YOU SURE WERE EMBARRASSING HER BY ASKING WHY SHE COULDN'T GO! GOLLY, I FEEL SORRY FOR THE POOR KID!
GEE, THAT'S TOO BAD!
YEAH, ME TOO!
WELL, NO USE SITTING AROUND HERE MOPING! I'VE GOT TO GET MY CLOTHES READY!
SO DO I! SEE YOU LATER, PAT!
S'LONG, PATSY!
GOSH, I FEEL AWFUL, GOING WITHOUT NANCY! WAIT! I KNOW WHAT I CAN DO! I'LL GET A DATE FOR HER!
SNAP!
HELLO, GEORGE! HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO GO ON A MOONLIGHT CRUISE TONIGHT? YOU WOULD? FINE! MEET US AT THE SODA SHOPPE TONIGHT AT 8:00! YOU'LL HAVE NANCY BROWN AS YOUR DATE!
3

MEANWHILE...
TOO BAD ABOUT NANCY'S NOT BEING ABLE TO GO! GEE, I JUST REMEMBERED! JACK JONES ISN'T DOING ANYTHING TONIGHT! I'LL CALL HIM!
SURE, BUZZ! I'LL BE GLAD TO TAKE NANCY ON THAT BOAT RIDE! I'LL SEE YOU AT EIGHT!
FINE!
AND SO ON...
HELLO, MAC! SAY, ARE YOU BUSY TONIGHT?
NO, JEAN! ARE YOU ASKING ME FOR A DATE?
YES, BUT NOT FOR ME! HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO TAKE NANCY ON A MOONLIGHT BOAT RIDE?
SWELL! NANCY'S A NICE GAL!
8 P.M....
HELLO, BUZZ! IS EVERYONE READY?
YEP! WE'RE JUST WAITING FOR NANCY!
SHE'S REALLY IN FOR A PLEASANT SURPRISE!
I KNOW! SAY, BUT HOW DO *YOU* KNOW! I HAVEN'T SAID A WORD TO ANYONE...
4

...ABOUT GETTING A DATE FOR NANCY!
WHAT?!
I GOT A DATE FOR HER, TOO!
YIPE! GOLLY, NOW WE'LL HAVE TO GET RID OF ONE OF THEM!
?
?
HI YA, EVERYBODY! WHEN DO WE START ON THE BOAT RIDE?
GOOD GRAVY! WHO INVITED THE WHOLE TOWN?
WHERE'S NANCY?
FELLOWS, I'M SURE THERE'S SOME MISTAKE! YOU CAN'T ALL BE GOING ON THE SAME BOAT RIDE WE'RE GOING ON!
I DON'T CARE WHAT ONE IT IS! ALL I KNOW IS I'VE GOT A DATE WITH NANCY TO GO ON A BOAT RIDE!
WITH NANCY? SHE'S MY DATE!
YOU'RE BOTH NUTTY! SHE'S MINE!
5.

I TELL YOU *I'VE* GOT A DATE WITH NANCY!
YOU'RE BATS!
SAYS WHO?
SAYS I!
MY EYE!
I'LL SHOW YOU WHOSE DATE NANCY IS!
BIFF!
BAM!
POW!
SO THIS IS YOUR IDEA OF A JOKE-- EH, BUZZ?
HONEST, JACK-- YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE I ASKED!
I GUESS ALL OF US INVITED SOME-ONE FOR NANCY!
OH, WHAT'LL WE DO?
PATSY! BUZZ! WHAT'S GOING ON?
NANCY, THEY'RE FIGHTING OVER YOU! WAIT'LL YOU HEAR THE WHOLE STORY!
GOLLY, KIDS, THANKS FOR TRYING TO HELP ME! BUT YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE BOTHERED! THE REASON I COULDN'T GO WAS NOT BECAUSE I *DIDN'T* HAVE A DATE...
?
?
...IT WAS BECAUSE I *DID* HAVE ONE WITH JIM! HE HAD TICKETS TO A SHOW, AND I THOUGHT IF HE COULD RETURN THEM WE'D GO ON THE BOAT RIDE! BUT HE COULDN'T DO IT!
KLUNK!
6

C'MON, NANCY! WE'LL BE LATE FOR THE SHOW!
'BYE, KIDS! HAVE FUN!
WHAT'S HAPPENED NOW?
THEY'VE ALL CLEARED OUT, BUZZ! I SAID I'D CALLED THE COPS!
WELL, ANYWAY, WE CAN GO OUT AND HAVE SOME FUN NOW! THE WORST IS OVER!
OH, NO! THE WORST IS YET TO COME!
WHAT D'YOU MEAN, BILL?
THE BOAT LEFT 22 MINUTES AGO!
YIPE!
7
WE WERE WORRIED THAT NANCY'D BE THE ONLY ONE LEFT OUT--NOW SHE'S THE ONLY ONE GOING OUT!
BAH! GOOD DEEDS DON'T PAY!
THE END.

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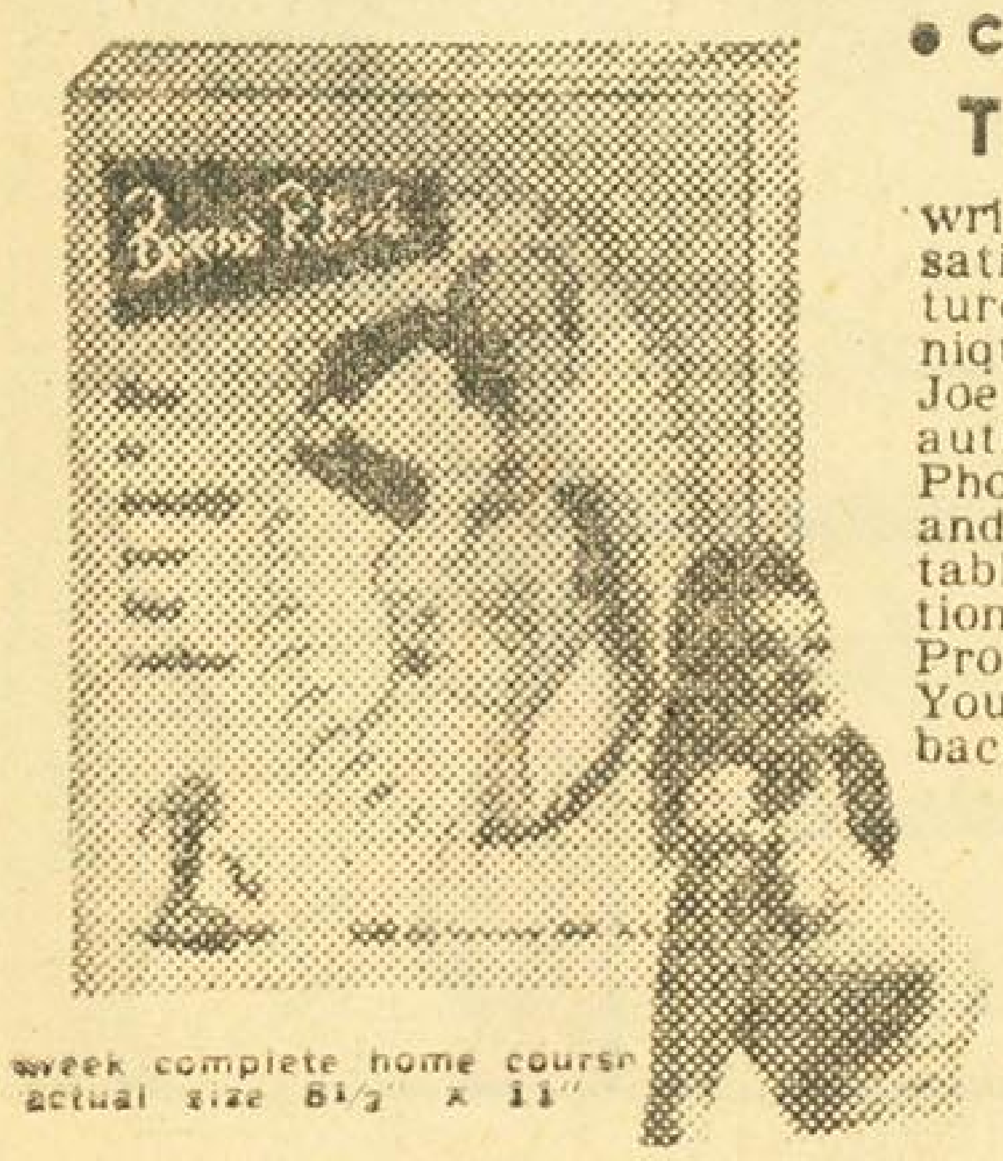

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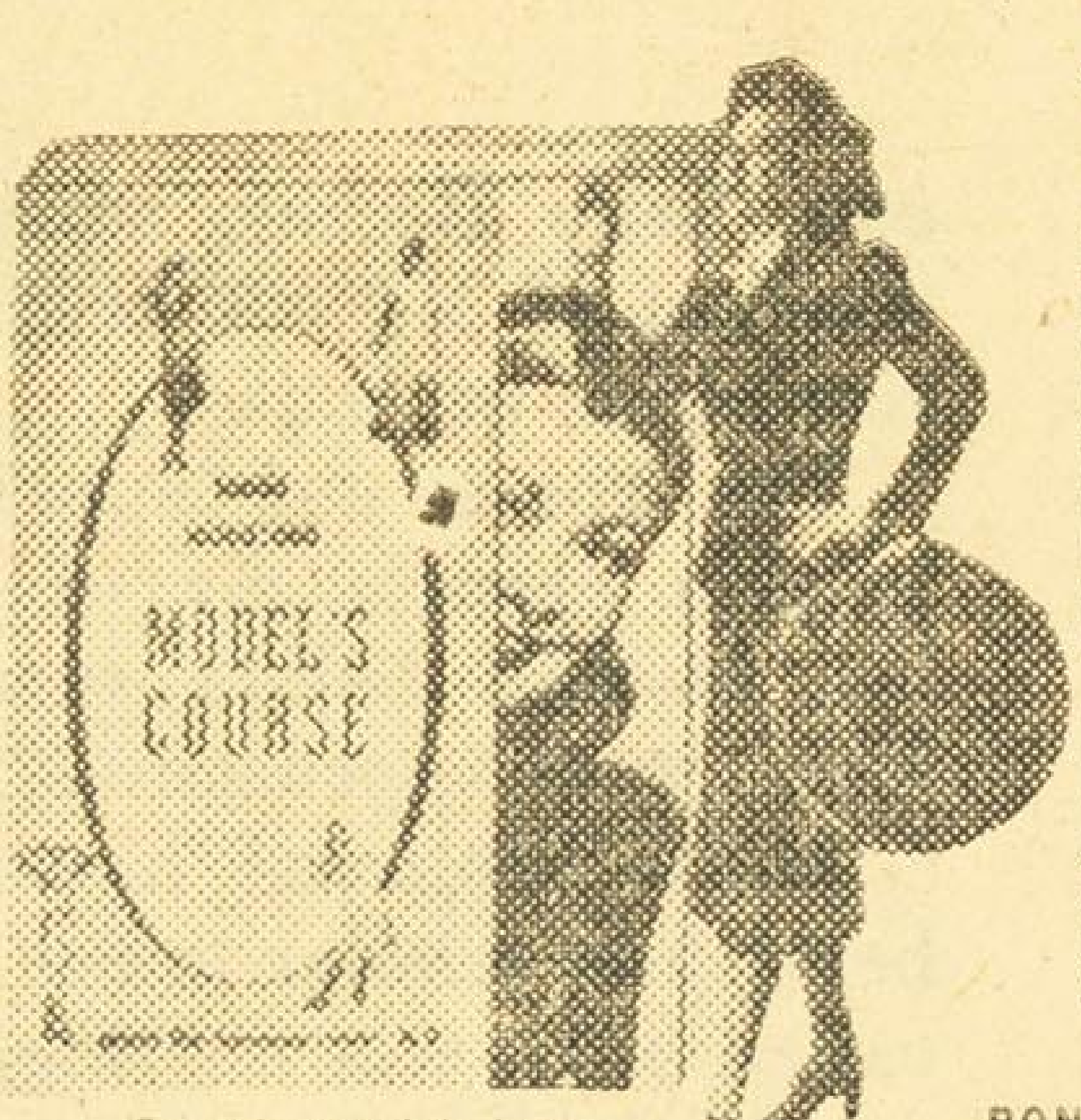

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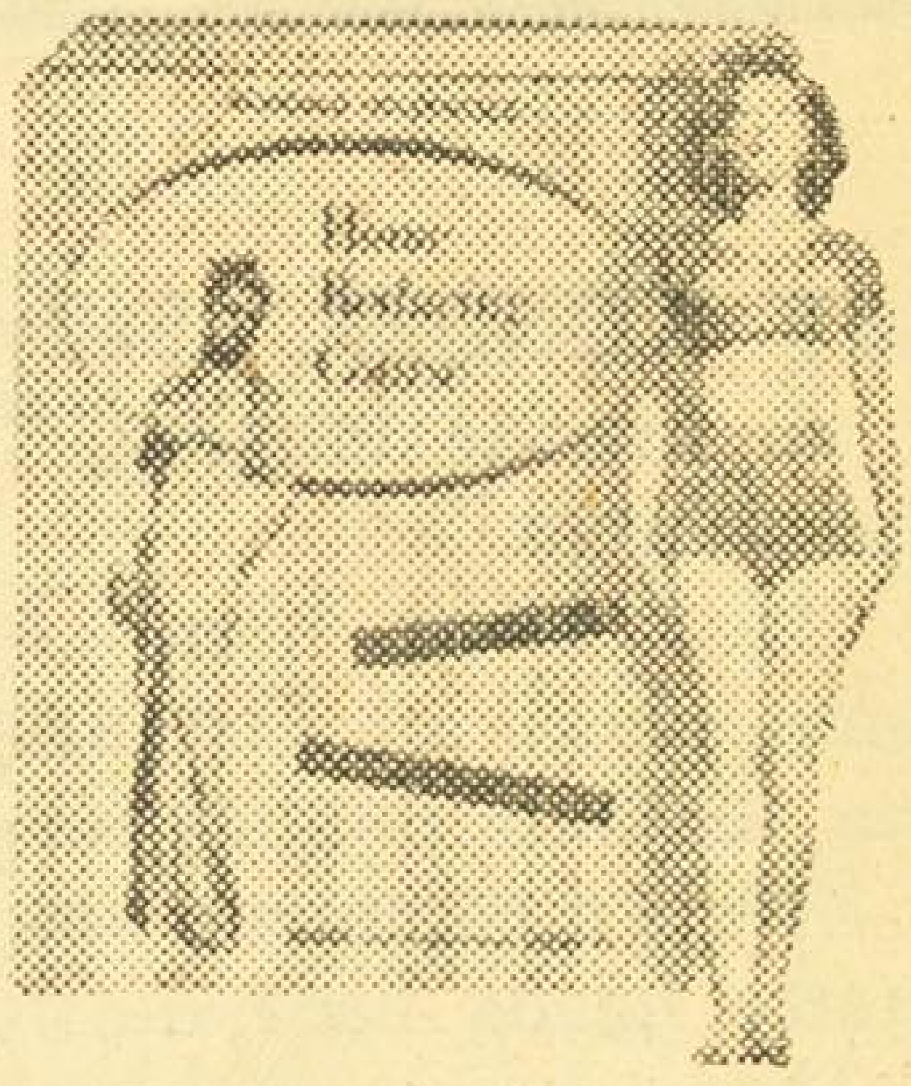

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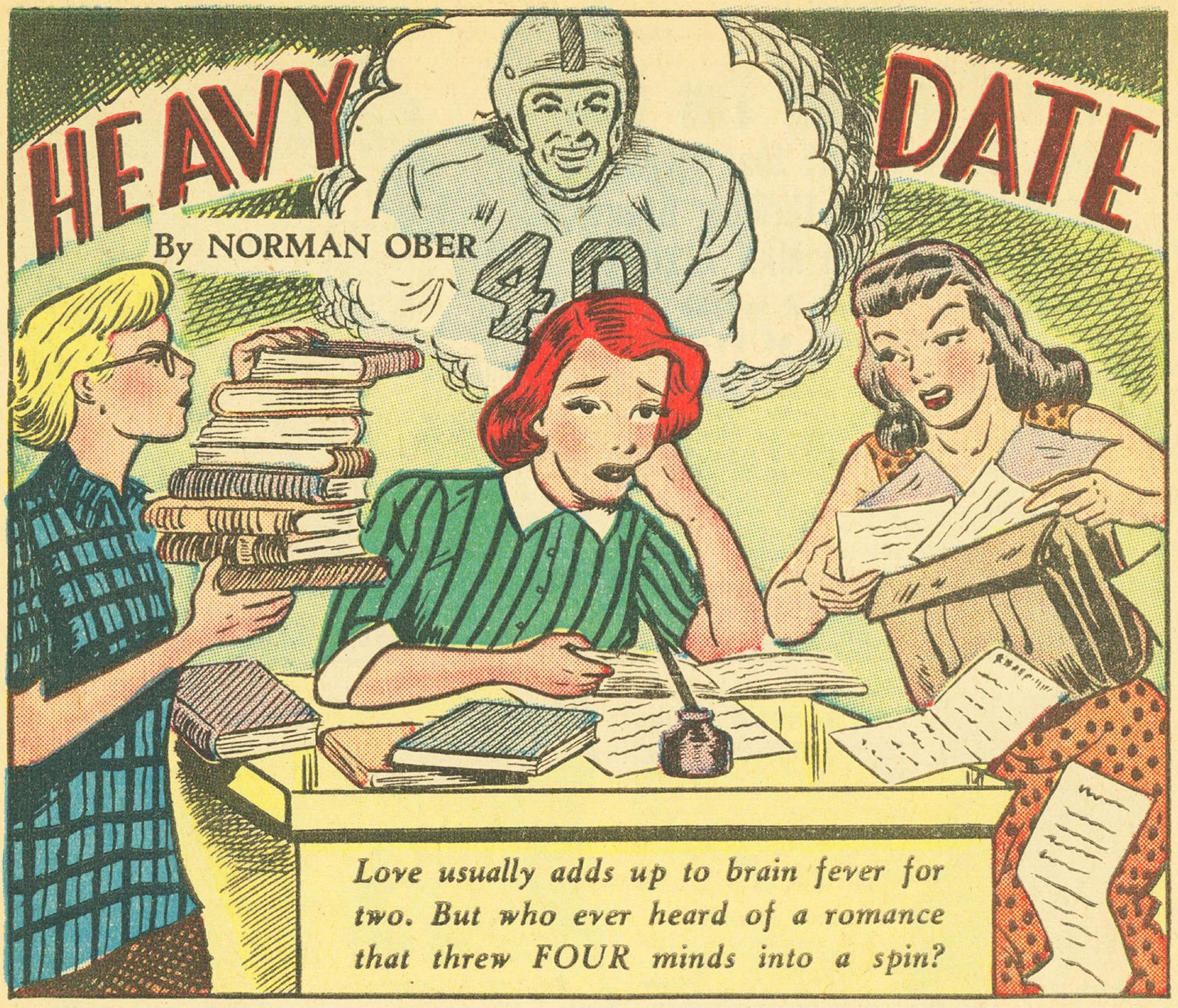


HEAVY DATE

By NORMAN OBER

Love usually adds up to brain fever for two. But who ever heard of a romance that threw FOUR minds into a spin?

"I WONDER," Sally mused, with a sigh of intense longing, "what Butchie-boy's doing this minute."

"If I know him," Millie quipped, "the fog-bound hero of Foggarty Prep is tackling either the football dummy or an overgrown steak!"

Sylvia's comment was a sharp "Ssh!" All three pretty heads bent dutifully back to their books.

Three more enchanting feminine forms were never draped in three less feminine attitudes. Millicent Palmer, a round-faced blonde with horn-rimmed glasses, had thrown herself across her bed. Her shapely legs reached the floor on one side, her blonde curls dangled over her forehead as she frowned severely into a text book, open on the floor on the other side.

The beauty with coal-black hair and high cheekbones, serious Sylvia Maitland, was stretched out full length on her own bed, her feet crawling up the wall. She had a huge volume clutched dramatically to her bosom. Her eyes were shut tightly to blot out the words, her lips forming fervent whispers as she tested her memory.

The third of the trio rounded out this colorful gamut of girlhood with a generous mop of flaming red hair imprisoned in metal curlers. If one of the three had the edge in looks, it was this one, Sally Becker, squatting Indian fashion, at the foot of Millie's bed, fenced in by an impressive circle of books.

The room was supercharged with the high-tension electric air of study. Final exams, the last hurdles before graduation from Frothmore Prep, were approaching fast.

Millie shattered blonde-behavior traditions by being first scholar in her class. Dark-haired Sylvia, called Silly, was anything but, maintaining a high scholastic batting average in her four years at Frothmore.

Not so, Sally—she of the locks of fire. Sally lacked the hot temper associated with red hair, but in academic standing, in four years at the Frothmore School for Girls, she had failed to absorb even a fraction of the food for grey matter with which Silly and Millie were fairly radioactive.

Nursing Sally through the finals had proved a project of greater magnitude each year, requiring physical conditioning, intense planning and hysterical exhortation.

The abrupt jangle of the alarm clock suddenly split the silence. Feverish activity broke out all over the room. Sally screamed, "Quitting time! I'm a free gal!"

Millie grumbled incoherently, leaned over and turned off the alarm. "Who's doing what tonight?" she demanded, removing her eyeglasses.

Sally, elbow-deep in her bureau, mumbled through a mouthful of bobbie pins, "Butchie-boy's taking me to the Kampus Korner for dinner and dancing."

"Oh, great!" Sylvia growled, straightening her bed cover. "Nature girl will be wrestling to music tonight. When do we do something for your finals, sweetheart?"

"Not tonight," Sally protested. "Buchie-boy's allowance came. We *have* to celebrate!"

"Butchie-boy!" Millie snapped. "That overstuffed Romeo in that school for mentally undernourished males across the street is two hundred pounds of trouble!" Sally's two roommates exchanged determined nods, seized her, and dragged her bodily from the mirror.

"When," Millie demanded, "are you going to let us cram something into your empty head?"

"Not tonight, please!" Sally pleaded, struggling to get loose. The girls held firm. "Tomorrow, then," she quavered. "Starting tomorrow, I'll do nothing but study."

"Honor bright?" Sylvia insisted. "Say honor bright!"

"Honor bright." But Sally quickly amended her promise as the girls released her: "Only *tomorrow* night we have to . . ."

"Beautiful fibber!" Sylvia thundered. They grabbed her again, pulling her hands from her hair and tearing loose a curler with several red hairs clinging to it.

"I'll be prematurely bald!" Sally screamed. "Turn me loose, you cannibals!"

In response, they brought her to a howling heap on the floor. "Now," Millie panted, "promise, or you spend tonight here and we'll tell Butchie-boy you ran off with the football dummy, mistaking it for him!"

Sally struggled, kicked and thrashed. Finally, bursting into tears, she sobbed, "You're both mean! You're interfering w—with my f—fulfillment as a woman!"

Silly cast her eyes heavenward. Millie snorted, "Can't add two and two but she's a woman! *Promise!*" Then she settled the argument by digging both hands into Sally's scalp. "Promise or your hair will look like threshed wheat!"

"I promise! I promise! Get out of my hair!"

"Unconditional surrender?" Millie demanded.

"Yes. Yes, anything!" They set her free. The victim scrambled to her feet and surveyed the damage in the mirror. "I'll never get it right, now," she moaned, "not for hours!"

Millie's response was, "Have fun tonight, sweet lady. For tomorrow you *STUDY*!"

The staccato blast of an auto horn outside informed Sally that Butchie-boy had arrived. "Oh," she wailed, "help me, somebody! I'm stuck in my zipper!"

Firm hands seized the zipper and righted its course. Millie spun her around and adjusted her crazy little hat. Sylvia spun her back and smoothed the length of her dress. Millie dived into a drawer and came up with her purse. Consulting Sally's get-up, she shook her head and dumped its contents on the bureau top. Digging again, she came up with her own navy blue suede. She swept Sally's private life into it and jammed it into the girl's hands. Together, Silly and Millie shoved her to the door.

"Have a good time!" they chimed, as she raced for the stairs.

"I will! Thanks, monsters!" Sally threw back.

Completely exhausted, the other two limped back into their room. Throwing themselves on their beds, they breathed sighs of relief. Sylvia panted, "We'll *never* get her through exams this time!"

"That's exactly what you said last year," Millie reminded. "But we did."

"That was before that pigskin-packing dreamboat began coming around. She's gaga over the goon."

"He is and she is," Millie agreed. "But if we keep her chained up from tomorow on, she'll squeak through. We can't let her fail now!"

"Our own sweet headache," Silly breathed. "We've built her from an absolute idiot to what she is today—a low-grade moron. All for Butchie-boy to come along and make her an idiot again."

On the following evening, despite Sally's protests, her two roommates had locked her in. They were plying her with questions on English. The girls figured English would be easiest, the one to get out of the way first to build up the redhead's courage.

"Name three of Shakespeare's tragedies," Silly commanded, consulting a sample exam.

" 'Richard the Second'," Sally exploded. After a tense second, she added, " 'Romeo and Juliet'." There was a pregnant pause. Finally, she blurted, " 'Portia Faces Life'."

The other two couldn't decide whether to laugh or cry. They finally decided against both. Millie explained patiently, "You're getting your classics and your soap operas mixed, darling. The original Portia was a character in 'The Merchant of Venice'."

"Oh, that's right," Sally rejoined. "Anyhow, I was close." With a sigh, she added, "Butchie-boy's lucky. He's getting a special exam over at Foggarty—a general comprehensive, they call it."

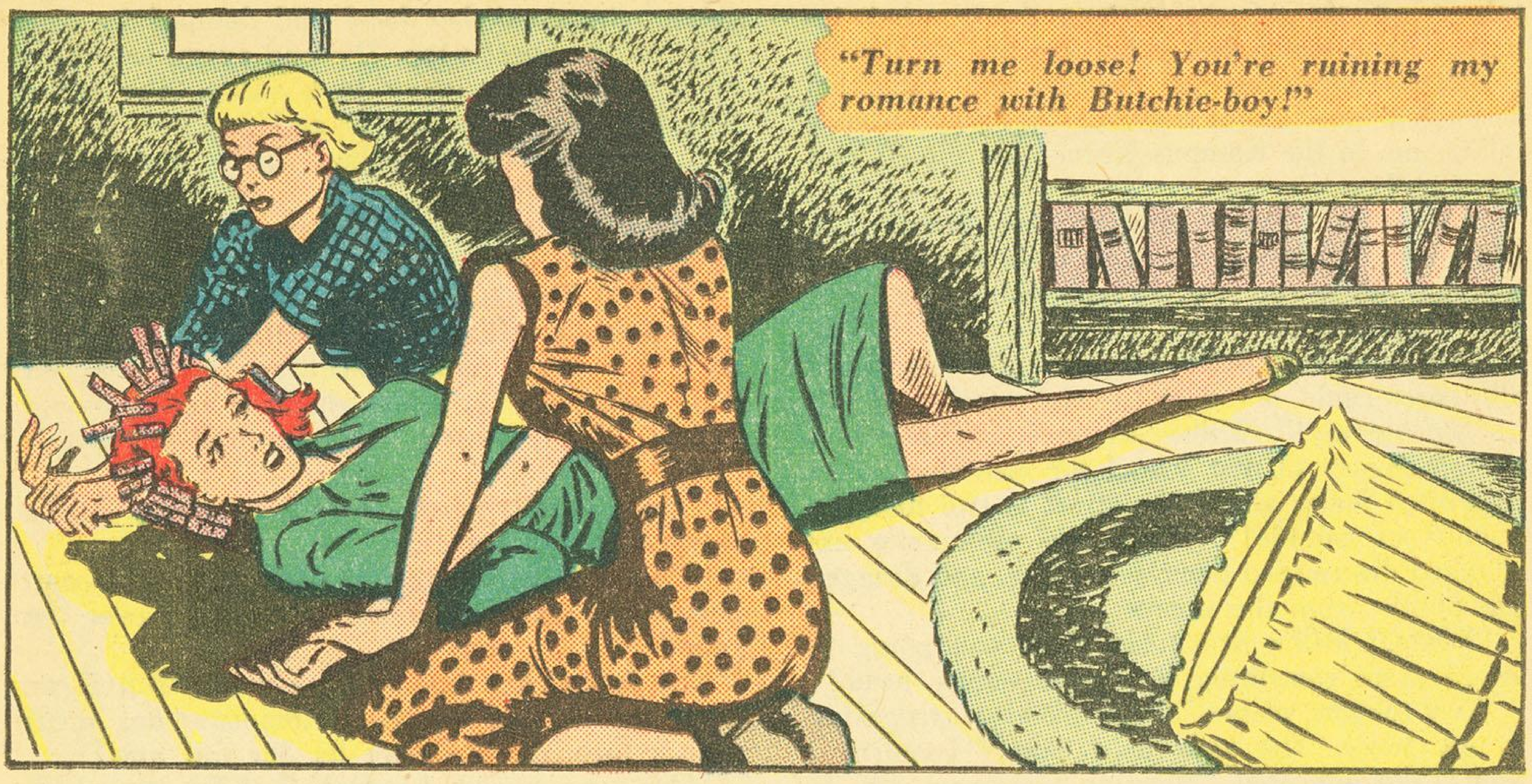
Sylvia sneered, "I know all about those general comprehensives. The faculty dreams them up to dynamite football scholarship jugheads into graduation. The hardest question on the list is usually, 'How do you spell your first name?' "

Millie added sarcastically, "In all of Foggarty Prep's history, no athlete ever flunked a comprehensive. But my money's on Butchie-boy Skeffington to be the first."

"You're just prejudiced against him," Sally defended, sweeping her red hair out of her eyes.

"Time," Sylvia reminded, "is wasting." They returned to English.

The going was not smooth. Sally, always a poor student, had, this year, applied herself too diligently to the study of one Baxter Butchie-boy Skeffington, III.


"Turn me loose! You're ruining my romance with Butchie-boy!"

Her tutors pleaded, threatened and bullied. At one point, Sylvia hoarsely complained, "Sally, darling, there's so much *room* in your head. *Why* are we having such tough going forcing in a *few* facts?"

At last, with daylight invading the sky, the time came when Millie solemnly announced, "Ladies, we have finished English. Our wonder girl will not electrify the Frothmore trustees, but she will pass. Amen!"

On the second night, their spirits restored, the trio tackled American History. But, it turned out to be Greek to Sally. Working patiently against the limitations of her overworked brain, they nudged her along from the landing of the Pilgrims through the Revolutionary War. Then, step by step, they hammered into Sally's carrot-topped head the forgotten facts from the Revolution through the Civil War.

By daylight, they were all almost sorry that Columbus had found America in the first place. But the weary tutors were hopeful that Sally would come through in History.

On the third night, though, catastrophe struck. With her taskmasters away at the library, Sally received an urgent summons from Baxter Skeffington, III, by telephone. Forgetting her jailers, she vanished into the night mists enveloping the campus. Millie and Silly didn't find out until they trooped in from the library to take up their positions at the torture rack—and Sally was missing. They searched the house, including Sally's favorite haunt, the kitchen. Failing to find her, Millie made a bobbie pin count and Sylvia checked the wardrobe.

"She's out, all right!" Millie groaned. "The curlers have been checked in."

"And that new taffeta with the scalloped peplum is checked out. We've been swindled!" Sylvia added dismally.

"I'll bet that human blimp football player's at the bottom of this," Millie growled.

"They'd be just crafty enough to drive off where we couldn't find them. She's gone for tonight! Maybe if we get ourselves far enough ahead we can concentrate on her altogether tomorrow and . . ." But Silly's words weren't too hopeful.

And so, the two girls buckled down and studied until they were exhausted. Although they had intended to wait up for Sally and administer a tongue lashing of the first magnitude, they were asleep by the time Sally, shoes in hand, tiptoed in and undressed in the dark.

In the morning, Sally floored them with her defense. "But it was an emergency. Butchie-boy failed his general comprehensive!"

"I don't believe it," Millie gasped.

"It's true. Then they gave him another one—easier, they said, but Baxter found it harder," Sally explained. "I *had* to go to him."

"And ruin *your* chances, too!" Sylvia threw in. "That—that over-grown juvenile delinquent!" she sputtered.

"You—you girls mustn't say anything unkind ab—bout him. I love him!" Sally faltered. "Now he isn't going to graduate. And, worse than that, when his f—father found out, he disinherited him. And he w—wanted to go to Y—Yale!"

Millie's only comment was, "Well, old Skeffington, II, is a lot smarter than young Skeffington, III. I can see that."

Sally's response was to burst into tears, putting an instant end to all hostilities. Millie and Sylvia promised to be more understanding, Sally managed to sniff herself under control and all three agreed to get back to work right after classes.

That evening, contrite over her backsliding, Sally made every effort to regain vital lost ground. The girls wrestled her through French and Chemistry, hoping for the best. Dawn found them just getting into bed.

Millie dreamed she was being chased by Sally's history book and a volume of English prose. She awoke in a cold sweat at the point of being crushed to death between them.

Relieved and angry at the same time, she muttered, "*Her* subjects and *I* have the nightmares!" She looked over at Sally, sleeping with a smile on her face and never a care in the world. "There's no justice!" she thought. A moment later, the alarm clock rang.

"The last fatal twenty-four hours!" Sylvia intoned sleepily.

Sally yawned, "I'm too tired to be scared. You two have done so much of my worrying, I might as well let you do the rest of it."

"That's the spirit," Millie groused, hurling a pillow at Sally's red head.

Before departing for classes, Sylvia called after Sally, "Remember, dear heart, we have Trigonometry, your worst subject, to drag you through. No more disappearing acts!"

Sally's eyes were wide. "Wild horses," she promised, earnestly, "won't drag me away!"

"Just be sure one particular wild horse doesn't," Millie commented.

The day passed quickly. Whenever their paths crossed, Silly and Millie made a test sounding of their red-headed headache's state of mind. At dinner, all was still under control. Sally was resigned to her final evening of torture.

"I have to go to the library," Millie whispered to Sylvia after dinner.

Sylvia whispered back, "I need some books, too. Should we post a watch over dream girl?"

"I haven't heard the dreaded word, 'Butchieboy,' all day. She's probably safe!" Millie answered uncertainly.

Exacting one more promise of fidelity, the girls took off for the library. If they'd heard the downstairs phone ringing practically as they were out of earshot, they'd have felt very differently about Sally's resolutions.

When they returned, Sally was gone. One of the freshmen recalled summoning her to the telephone. When Millie and Silly heard that, they knew all was lost.

"We never should have left her alone," Millie cried. "She heard the braying of her mate and found it irresistible."

Sylvia moaned, "One thing's sure, if she had a chance, this finishes it. Our four years of prayers and perspiration are up in smoke."

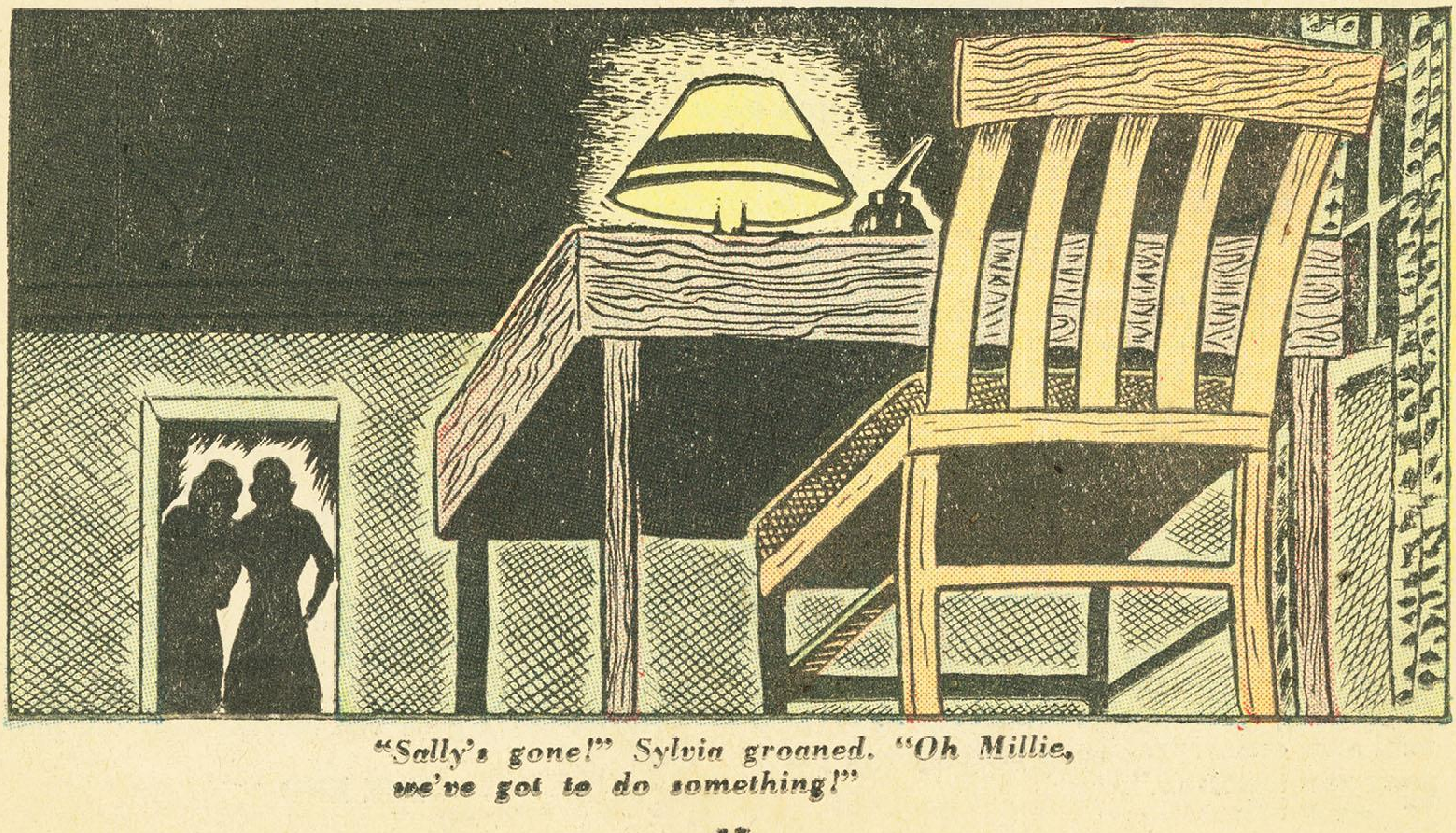
"Honestly," Millie sniffed, "I could cry." She proved her sincerity by doing so. In a moment both girls were sobbing their hearts out. At the same time, they tried to comfort one another with lame comments on how Sally usually managed to muddle through.

Finally, they dried their eyes and settled down to work. From time to time, one or both of them burst into a fresh torrent, setting off the other one and starting another round of soothing and comforting. But resignation set in. After a concluding sniff and a sighed "How *could* she?" the girls settled down to their own studies.

The first hour or two, each of them cast occasional furtive glances at the clock. After awhile even that ceased. Millie's blonde head remained tilted over her books and Silly's black locks nodded over hers.

Midnight came and went. The lights of Frothmore blinked off, one by one. Only here and there a hardy beacon announced to the night that last-minute learning was still being packed into weary heads in preparation for the morrow's exams. The time came, finally, when there was only one light left on, blazing defiantly through the darkness.

Some time later, a trim roadster purred quietly to a halt in front of the house. Sally Becker alighted and gulped as she beheld the light still on in her window. She leaned back into the



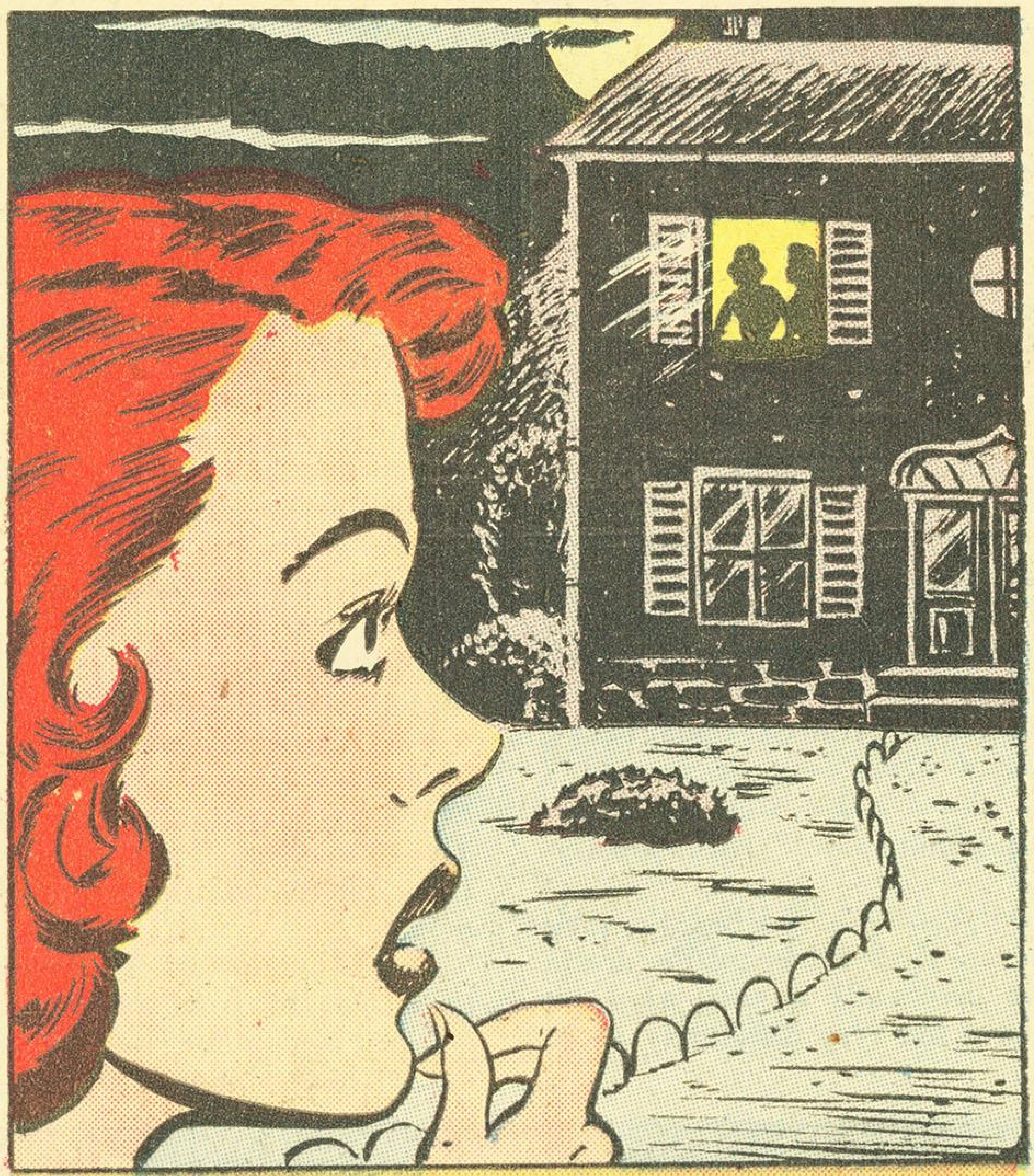
"Sally's gone!" Sylvia groaned. "Oh Millie, we've got to do something!"

darkness of the car a moment, then turned and fled into the house.

A moment later, breathless, she burst into the room. The two girls kept their eyes glued on their books.

“I'm back,” she announced in a small voice. There was no answer. Millie turned a page. “Well?” Sally demanded, “isn't anybody going to say anything . . . or something?” There was still no response.

“I . . . have something to tell you,” the outcast ventured, her voice breaking. When that gained her nothing, she burst into tears.



Sally gulped when she saw the girls at the lit window. She knew very well what was in store for her!

With a uniform motion, Millie and Sylvia closed their books. “That does it!” Millie groaned. “More waterworks, I cannot stand!”

Sylvia added in a tired voice, “Save it, Sally. We forgive you. Or if we don't we will in the end. Calm down and tell all!”

“I won't,” Sally sobbed. “You don't care! You're just mad at me!”

“Without cause,” Millie said sadly, putting her arms around the weeping girl's shoulders and leading her to a chair. “Come on, baby. Spill it. I can see something monumental's happened to the great Baxter!”

“I intended to stay and study,” Sally faltered. “Honest and true, I did!”

Sylvia put in, “Of course, darling. Only that floating drydock sent out an S.O.S., and Cap'n Sally decided she had to go down with the ship!”

“But it was important,” Sally explained. “Butchie-boy signed a professional football contract—for four years. Now he can disinherit his father.”

Millie's jaw dropped. “Somebody's going to pay real money for him to get in people's way?” she managed.

“Why not?” Sylvia observed. “It's his only talent! But,” she continued, fixing Sally with a stern glare, “why couldn't this big news keep until after exams? You know perfectly well you'll never pass tomorrow.”

“Pass?” Sally repeated. “But—but I've been studying for the exams. Look, here are the books!”

Her roommates suddenly noticed her arms were loaded with study books. In the excitement, they'd never realized they were missing.

“Studying?” Millie echoed. “Then why didn't you stay here and let us help?”

Sally looked apologetic. “You'll think I'm horrible,” she managed. “But I—I couldn't wait for you girls this time. I *have* to pass. I *have* to graduate! It's *important*!”

“W—we always thought so,” Sylvia gulped. “But how come all of a sudden you think so, too?”

“Butchie-boy!” Sally exclaimed, as though that explained everything. On her face was an exalted, self-sacrificing look.

“I don't get it!” Millie groaned. “And if you don't make it clear fast, I'll just drop dead! What about Butchie-boy?”

“Don't you see?” Sally demanded. “He's flunked out. His family has abandoned him. All he'll have left is me!”

“Soooo?” her roommates shrilled as if with one voice.

“So, when I graduate, I'll have to enter college with you girls and get real smart. Butchie-boy's going to be a big success in professional football, but one of us has to be able to read his contracts and understand them.”

Millie fell into Silly's arms. Silly asked, in hollow tones, “And you've been studying all night—really studying? You can pass the exams?”

“Oh, yes,” Sally assured them. “Now that I have a purpose in life, it was all easy as pie. Why, some day Butchie-boy and I will get married, and he'll be practically dependent on me for all his brains. And—and I just *have* to have some!”

Millie looked at Silly, and Silly looked at Millie. “Do you know?” Millie gasped, “I'll bet she passes, at that!”

And it was a good bet, because Sally did just that!

THE END

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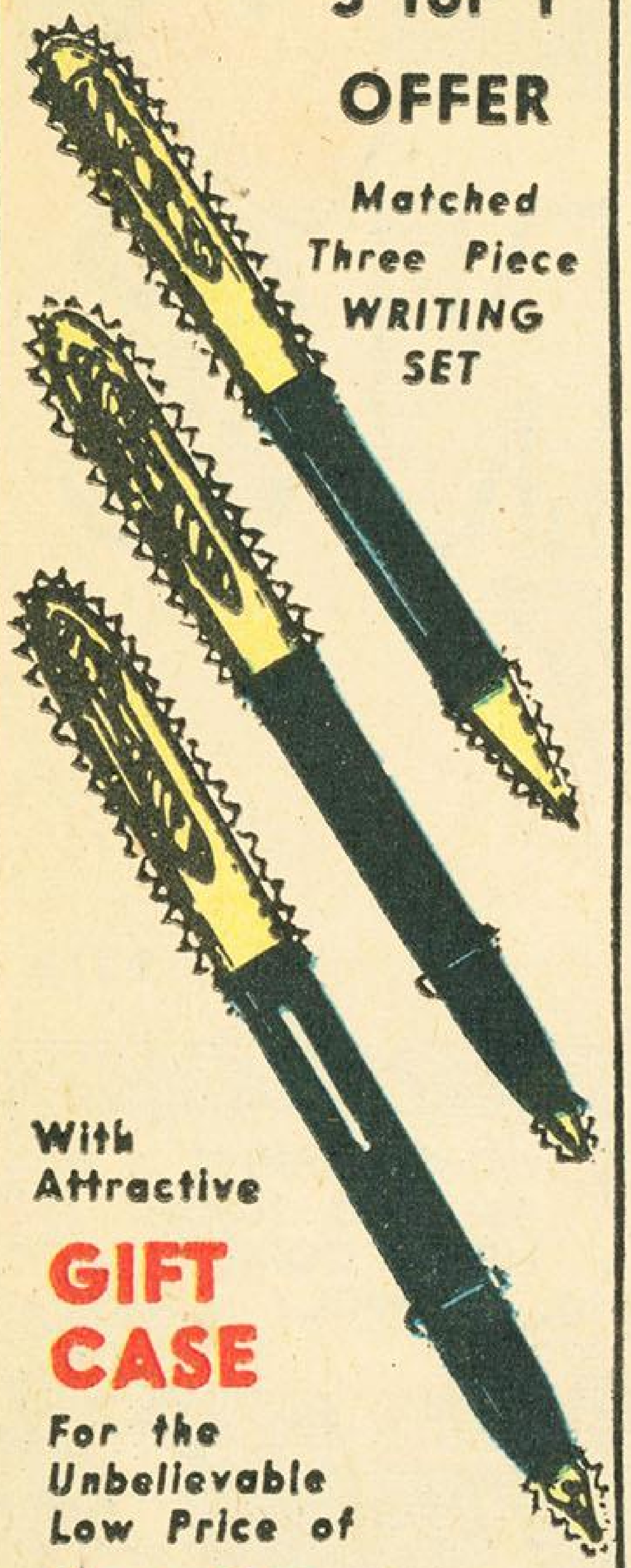

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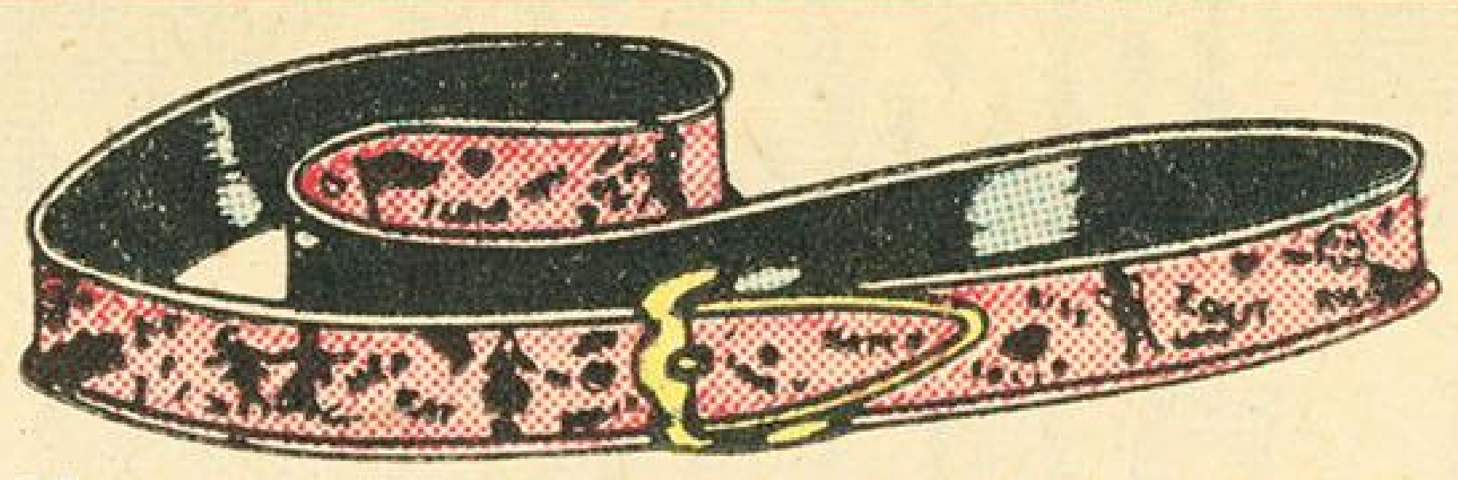

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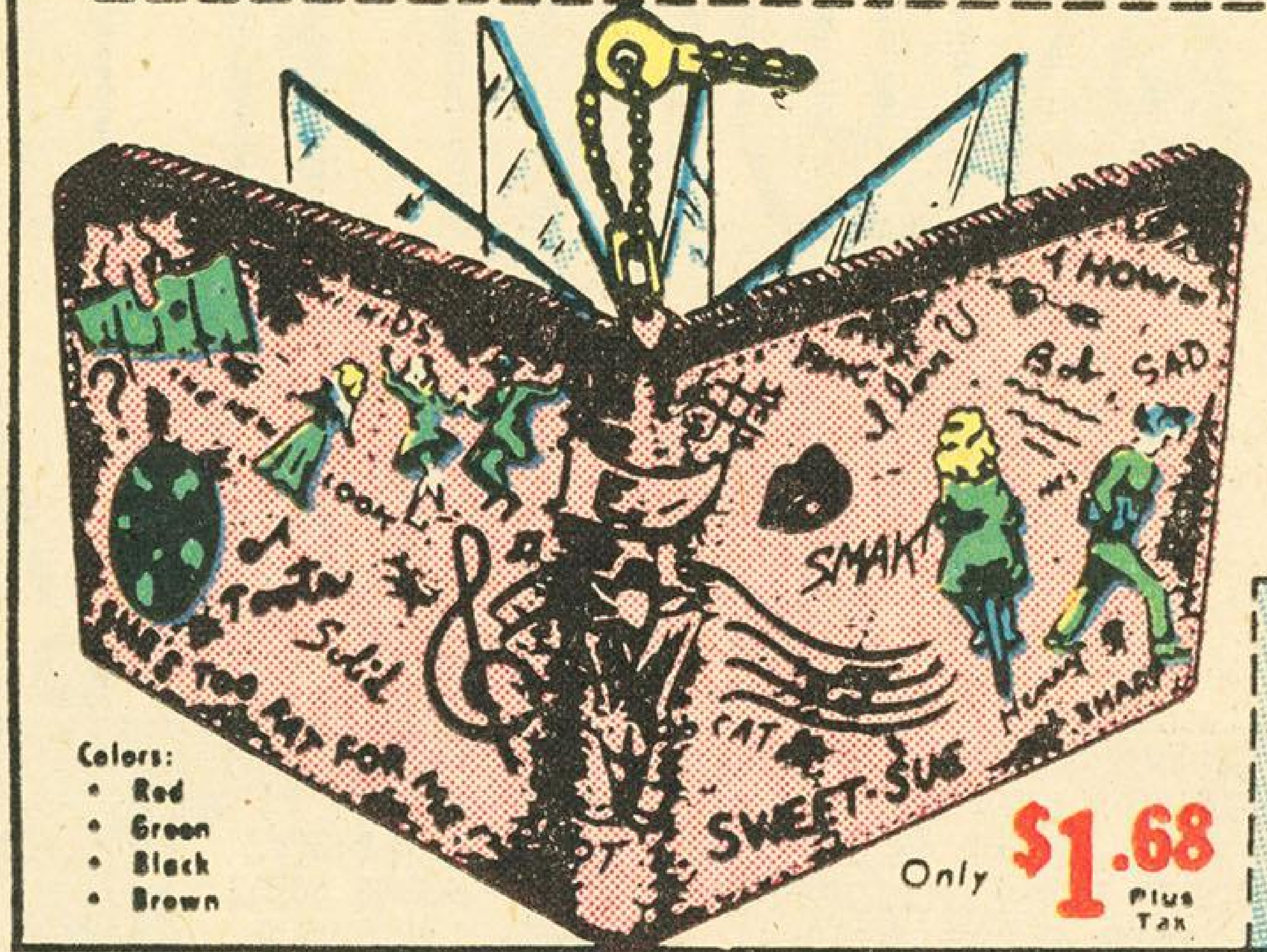

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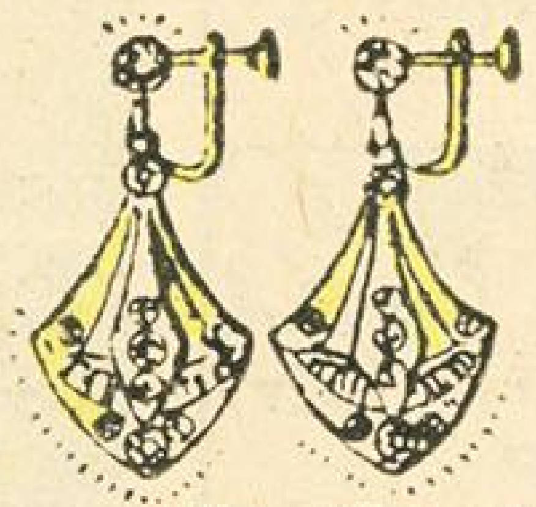

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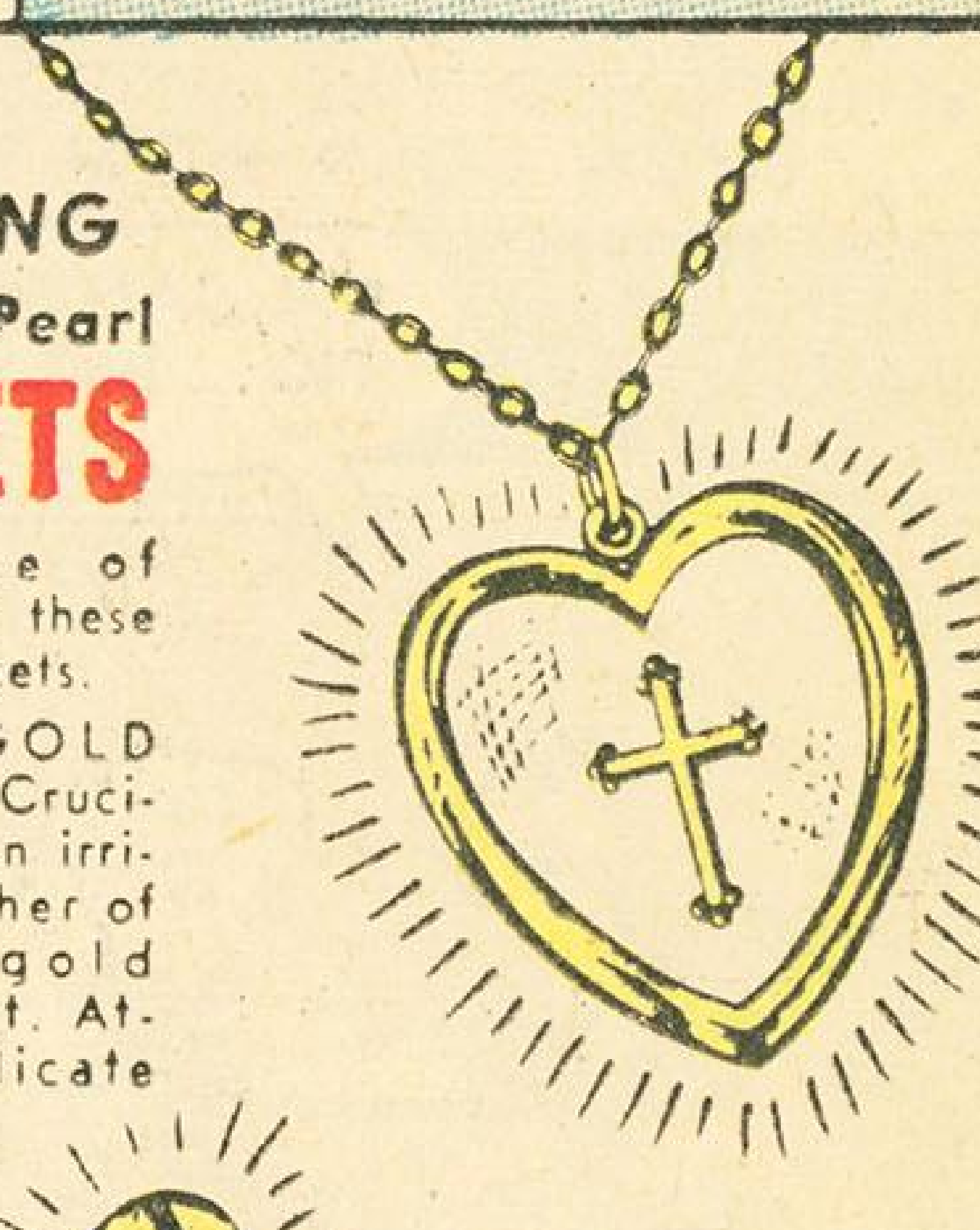

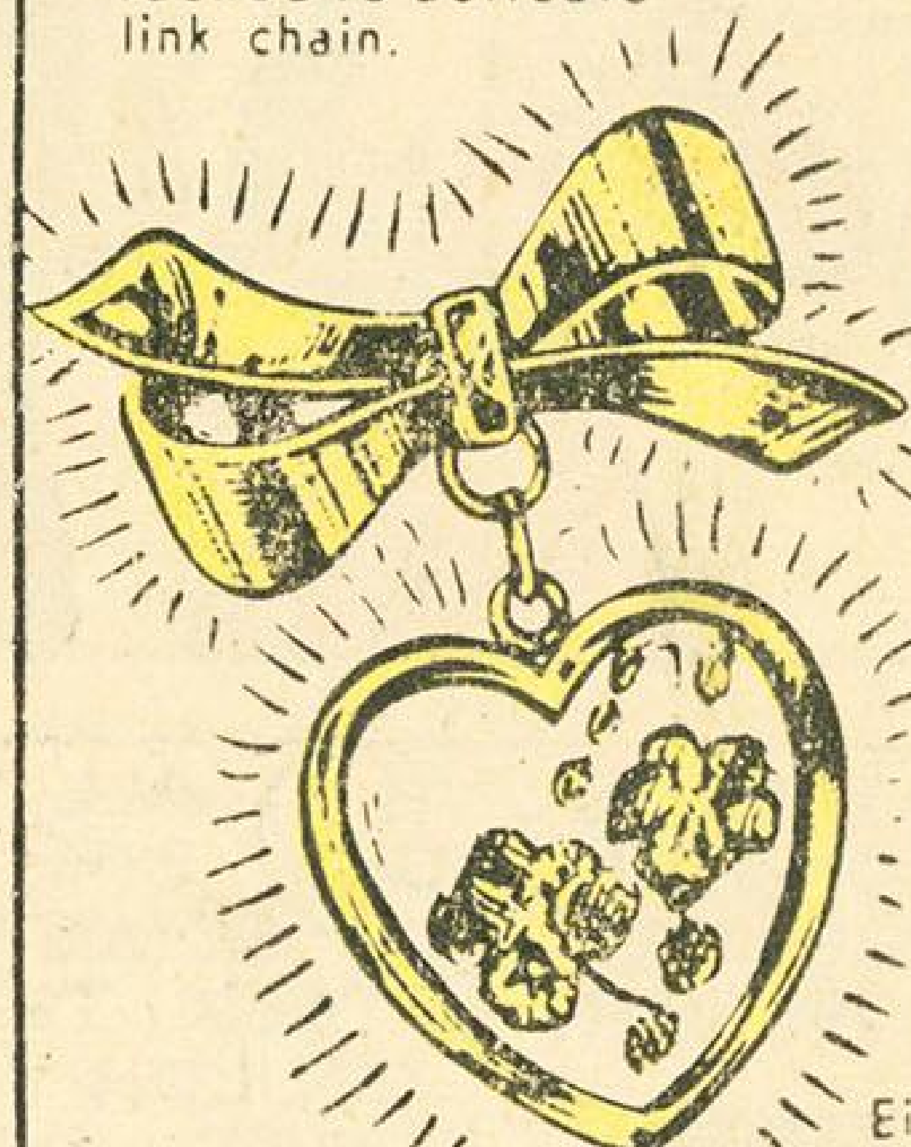

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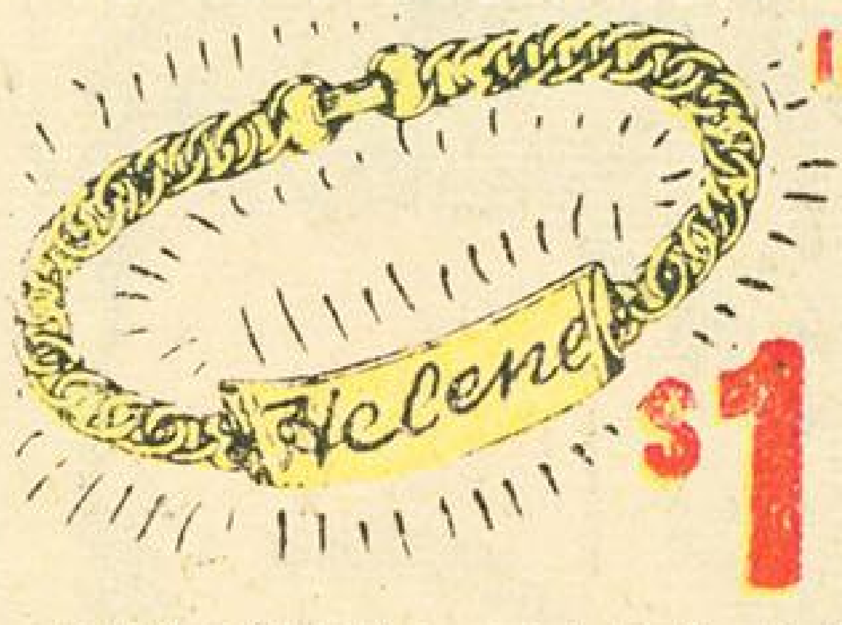

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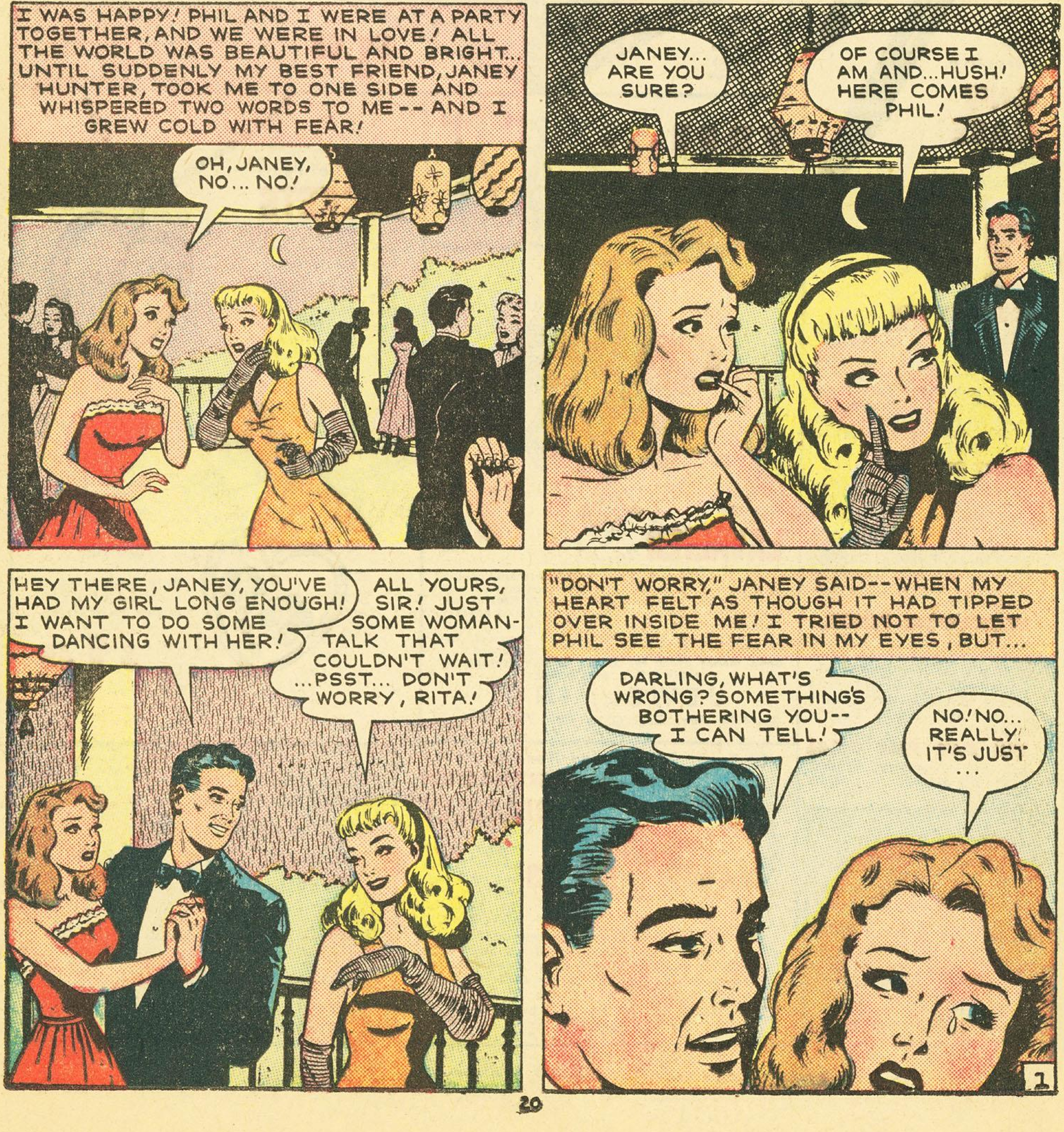
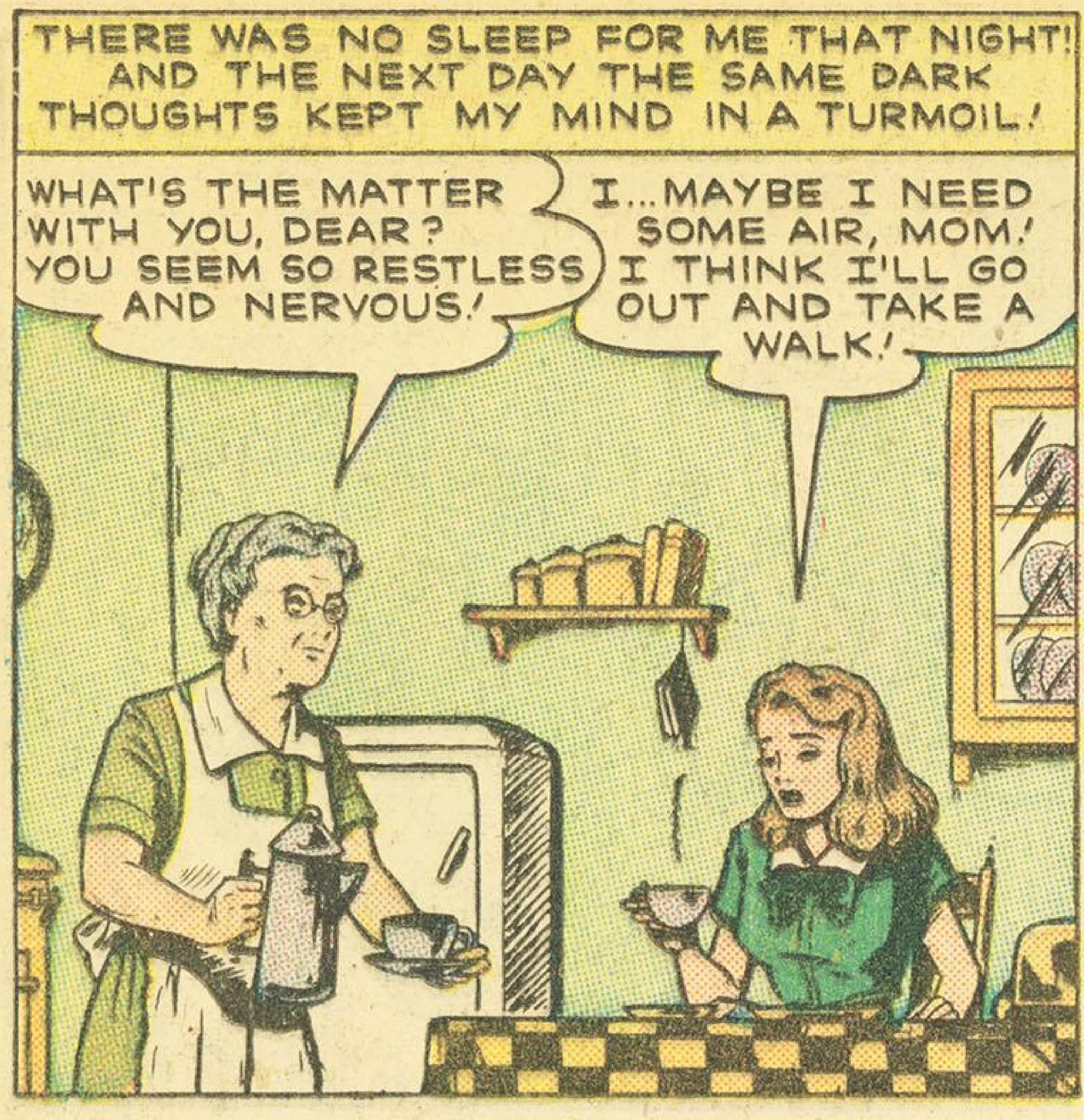
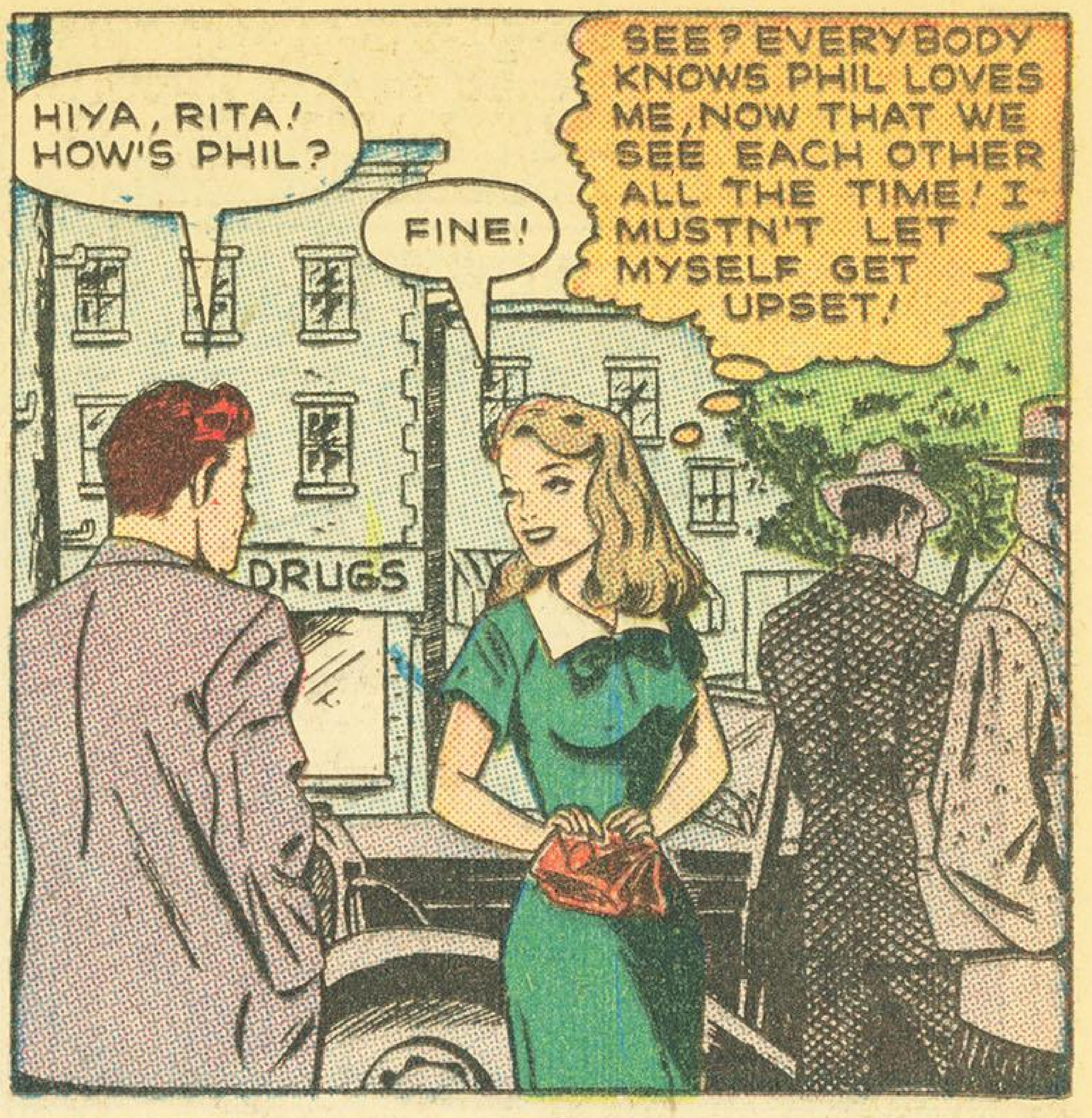
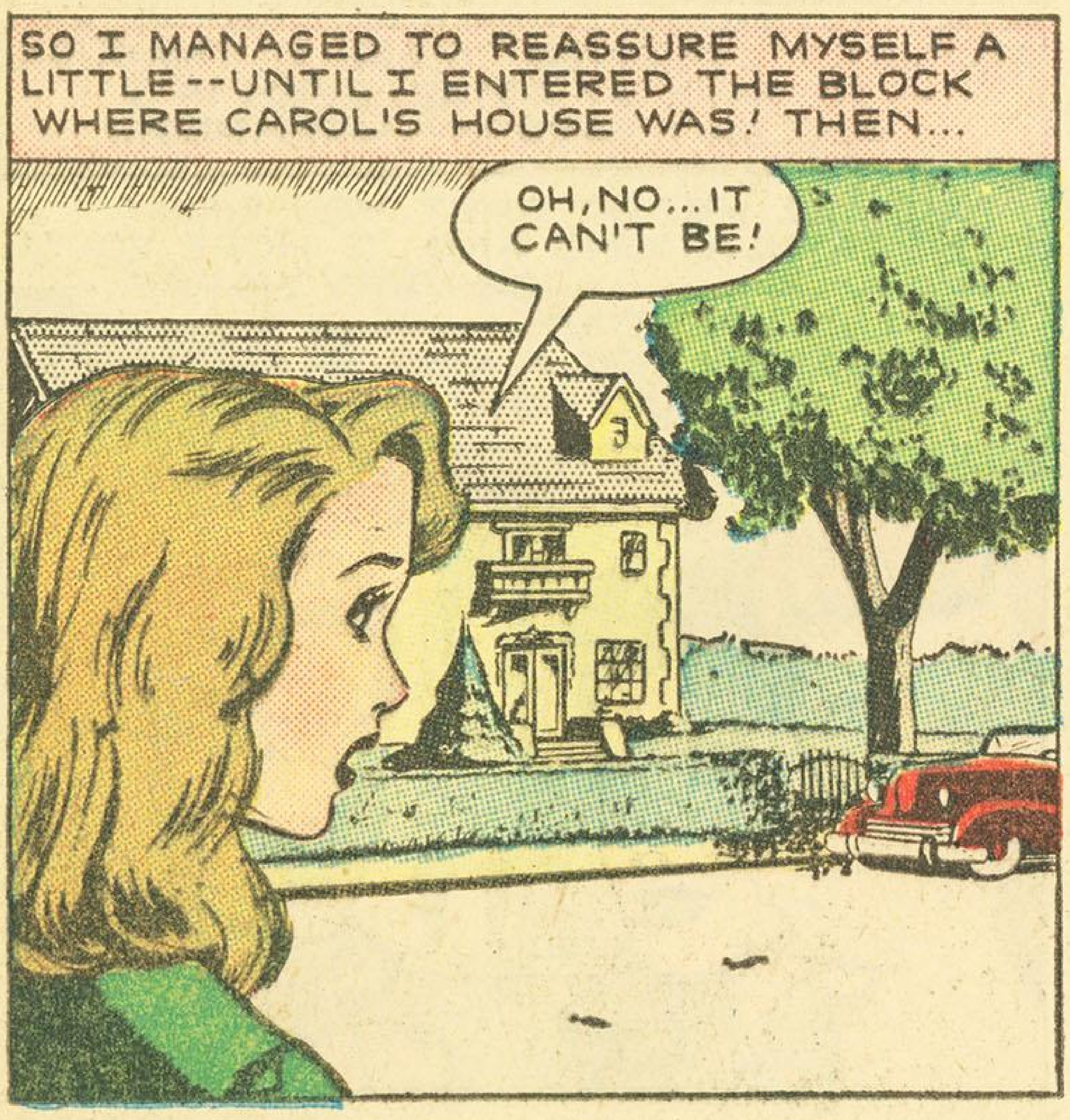

I WAS HAPPY! PHIL AND I WERE AT A PARTY TOGETHER, AND WE WERE IN LOVE! ALL THE WORLD WAS BEAUTIFUL AND BRIGHT... UNTIL SUDDENLY MY BEST FRIEND, JANEY HUNTER, TOOK ME TO ONE SIDE AND WHISPERED TWO WORDS TO ME -- AND I GREW COLD WITH FEAR!
OH, JANEY, NO... NO!
JANEY... ARE YOU SURE?
OF COURSE I AM AND... HUSH! HERE COMES PHIL!
HEY THERE, JANEY, YOU'VE HAD MY GIRL LONG ENOUGH! I WANT TO DO SOME DANCING WITH HER!
ALL YOURS, SIR! JUST SOME WOMAN-TALK THAT COULDN'T WAIT! ...PSST... DON'T WORRY, RITA!
"DON'T WORRY," JANEY SAID -- WHEN MY HEART FELT AS THOUGH IT HAD TIPPED OVER INSIDE ME! I TRIED NOT TO LET PHIL SEE THE FEAR IN MY EYES, BUT...
DARLING, WHAT'S WRONG? SOMETHING'S BOTHERING YOU -- I CAN TELL!
NO! NO... REALLY IT'S JUST ...
1

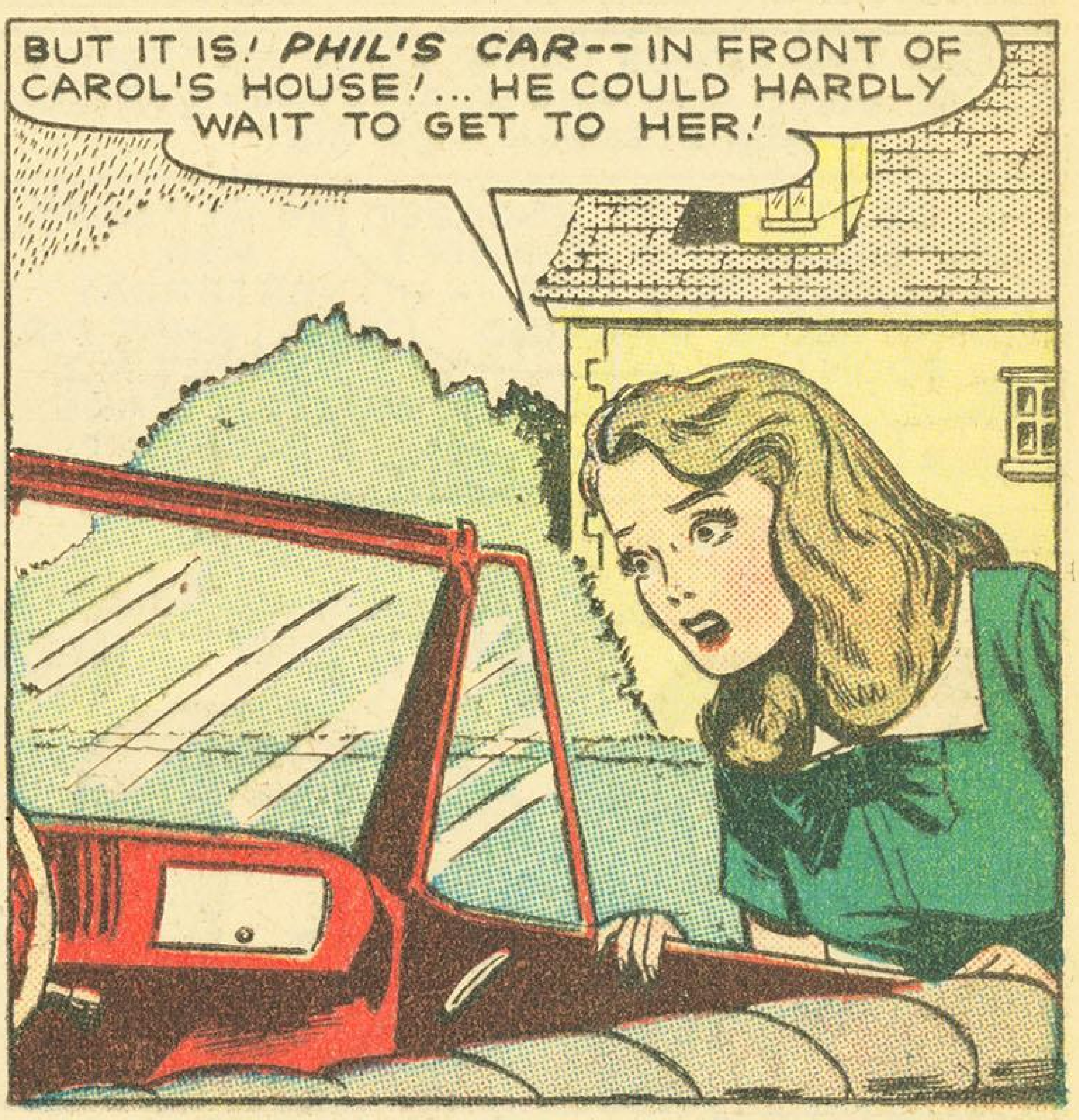
RITA!
IT'S JUST...OH--PHIL, PLEASE...PLEASE TAKE ME HOME!
WE HAD WALKED HOME MANY TIMES IN THE MOONLIGHT, LAUGHING AND HAPPY! NOW IT WAS ALL SPOILED FOR ME--BUT I COULDN'T EXPLAIN!
DEAREST, IF ONLY YOU'D TELL ME WHAT'S THE MATTER! WHY ARE YOU CRYING?
REALLY, IT'S... NOTHING! I... GUESS I'M JUST TIRED!
GOOD NIGHT, DARLING! GET A GOOD NIGHT'S SLEEP ...YOU'LL FEEL BETTER TOMORROW!
YES--OF COURSE! GOOD NIGHT, PHIL!
BUT, ALONE IN MY ROOM, I KNEW I COULD NOT SLEEP! I KEPT HEARING JANEY'S WHISPER AGAIN AND AGAIN TORTURING ME!
OH, WHY DID THIS HAVE TO HAPPEN? ...WHY?
MY THOUGHTS TURNED AND TWISTED--AND MEMORIES CAME BACK, THE SAD HIGH SCHOOL MEMORIES THAT I'D TRIED TO BURY FOREVER!
LOOK, JANEY--THERE'S PHIL LAMBERT! OH, DON'T YOU THINK HE'S HANDSOME...AND WONDERFUL...
SURE! BUT HE'S GOING STEADY WITH THAT CAROL GRAHAM--THEY SAY HE'S CRAZY ABOUT HER!
CHEMISTRY
...AND WHEN IT CAME TO THE MID-YEAR PROM...
HOW ABOUT IT, RITA? GOING TO THE PROM WITH ME?
I MAY AS WELL ACCEPT HIS OFFER --THERE'S NO CHANCE OF PHIL ASKING ME!
GAME TODAY
WHY, SURE, WALTER, I'D LOVE TO!
2

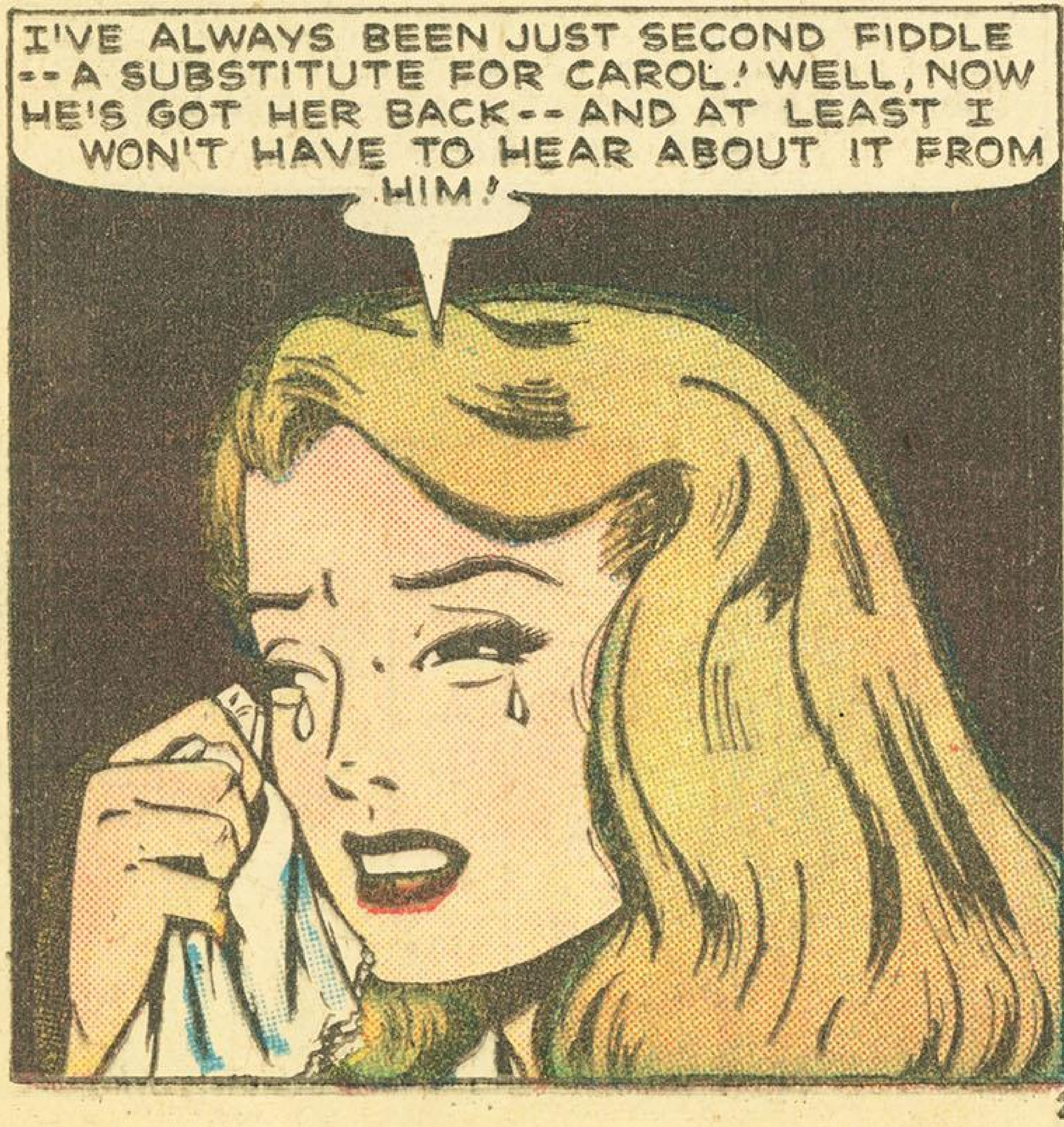
THEN, JUST BEFORE GRADUATION, SOMETHING HAPPENED THAT I SHOULD HAVE EXPECTED--BUT I KEPT TELLING MYSELF IT MIGHT NOT COME TRUE!
WHAT'S UP, CAROL? YOU LOOK PRETTY PLEASED ABOUT SOMETHING!
I AM! SEE THIS? IT'S PHIL'S PIN! WE'RE ENGAGED!
THEN I REALIZED THAT MY FEELING FOR PHIL LAMBERT WAS MORE THAN A HIGH SCHOOL INFATUATION! I LOVED HIM--AND HE WAS GOING TO MARRY CAROL!
...GOOD LUCK, CAROL!
NOW, WHAT'S WRONG WITH *HER*?
SCIENCE ROOM
THAT SUMMER WAS MISERABLE FOR ME! THEIR WEDDING DAY CAME CLOSER--BUT STILL I COULDN'T GET PHIL OUT OF MY MIND! THEN ONE MORNING...
HEY, RITA! HAVE I GOT GOOD NEWS FOR YOU!
JANEY! WHAT IS IT? WHAT'S WRONG?
NOTHING'S WRONG! I JUST FOUND OUT THAT CAROL LEFT TOWN YESTERDAY! SHE JILTED PHIL--AND THEY'RE NOT GOING TO GET MARRIED AFTER ALL!
OH! POOR PHIL!
PHIL WENT AWAY TO COLLEGE THAT FALL! FOR SEVERAL YEARS I HARDLY SAW HIM--BUT I NEVER FORGOT HIM! THEN, WHEN HE GRADUATED, HE TOOK A JOB AS CHEMIST IN THE PLANT HERE...AND I GOT A JOB IN ANOTHER DEPARTMENT, WHERE WE SAW EACH OTHER SOMETIMES! WE DATED... AND FINALLY...
RITA, DARLING, I LOVE YOU! YOU MEAN EVERYTHING TO ME!
OH, PHIL... I'M SO HAPPY! I'VE LOVED YOU ALWAYS--AND I ALWAYS WILL!
NO WONDER I WAS HAPPY! I COULD EVEN FORGET CAROL--BUT JANEY'S WHISPERED WORDS BROUGHT BACK THE PAST!
CAROL'S BACK!
OH, JANEY, NO...NO!
HE WAS ALWAYS CRAZY ABOUT HER! NOW MAYBE SHE'S DECIDED SHE MADE A MISTAKE--MAYBE SHE'LL TAKE HIM AWAY FROM ME!
3

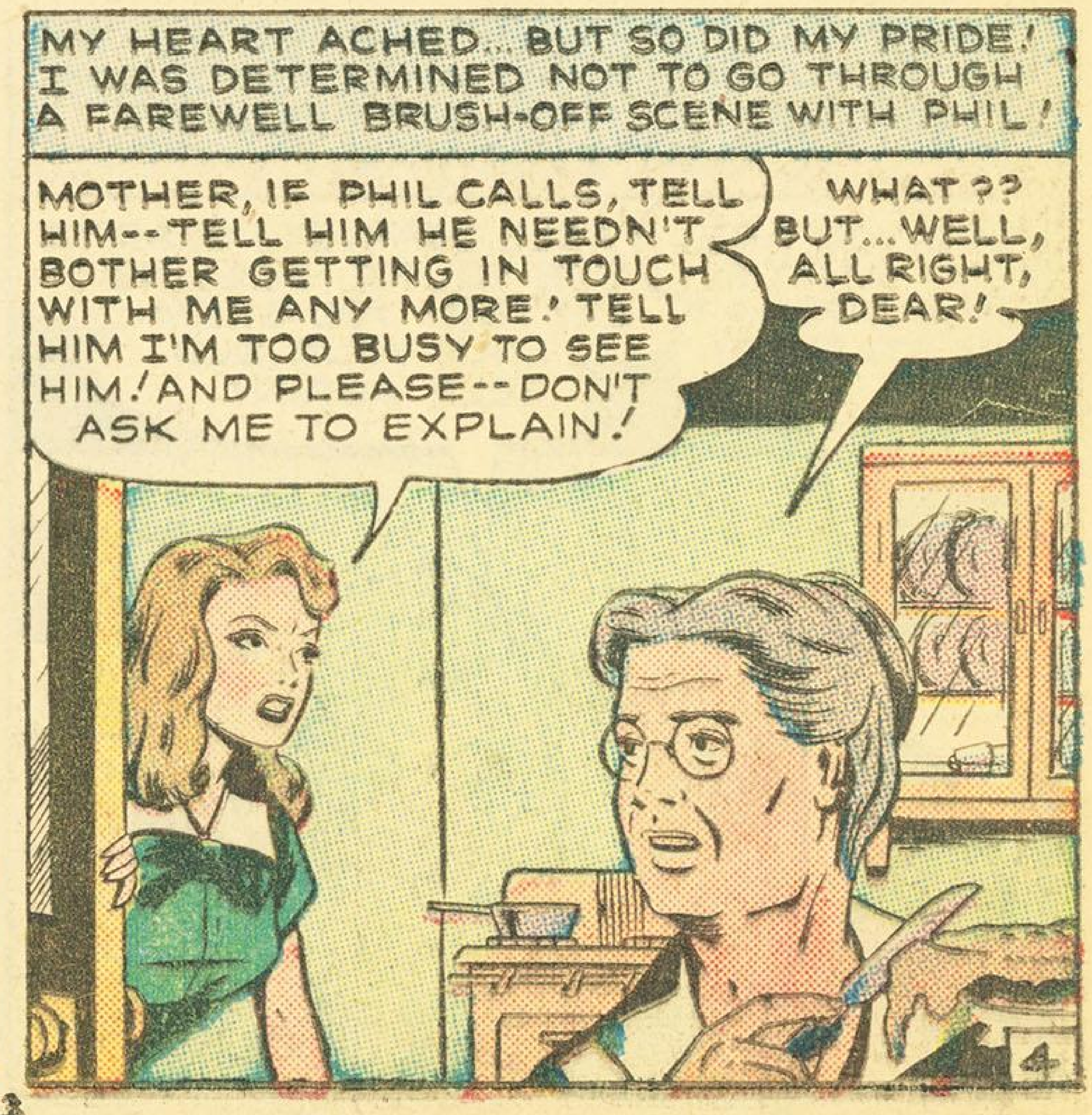

THERE WAS NO SLEEP FOR ME THAT NIGHT! AND THE NEXT DAY THE SAME DARK THOUGHTS KEPT MY MIND IN A TURMOIL!
WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU, DEAR? YOU SEEM SO RESTLESS AND NERVOUS!
I...MAYBE I NEED SOME AIR, MOM! I THINK I'LL GO OUT AND TAKE A WALK!


HIYA, RITA! HOW'S PHIL?
FINE!
SEE? EVERYBODY KNOWS PHIL LOVES ME, NOW THAT WE SEE EACH OTHER ALL THE TIME! I MUSTN'T LET MYSELF GET UPSET!
DRUGS


SO I MANAGED TO REASSURE MYSELF A LITTLE--UNTIL I ENTERED THE BLOCK WHERE CAROL'S HOUSE WAS! THEN...
OH, NO...IT CAN'T BE!

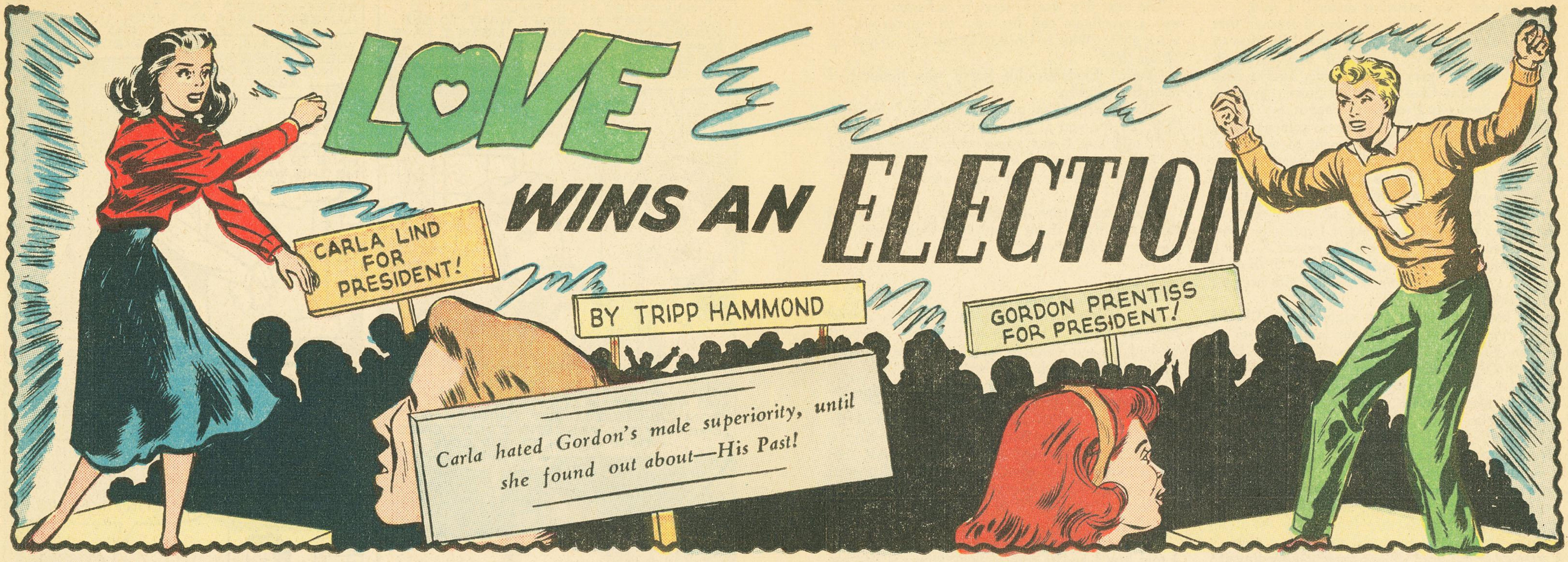

BUT IT IS! PHIL'S CAR--IN FRONT OF CAROL'S HOUSE!... HE COULD HARDLY WAIT TO GET TO HER!


I'VE ALWAYS BEEN JUST SECOND FIDDLE --A SUBSTITUTE FOR CAROL! WELL, NOW HE'S GOT HER BACK--AND AT LEAST I WON'T HAVE TO HEAR ABOUT IT FROM HIM!


MY HEART ACHED... BUT SO DID MY PRIDE! I WAS DETERMINED NOT TO GO THROUGH A FAREWELL BRUSH-OFF SCENE WITH PHIL!
MOTHER, IF PHIL CALLS, TELL HIM--TELL HIM HE NEEDN'T BOTHER GETTING IN TOUCH WITH ME ANY MORE! TELL HIM I'M TOO BUSY TO SEE HIM! AND PLEASE--DON'T ASK ME TO EXPLAIN!
WHAT?? BUT...WELL, ALL RIGHT, DEAR!
4

THE NEXT DAY I PHONED THE PLANT THAT I WASN'T FEELING WELL ENOUGH TO COME TO WORK--AND IT WAS TRUE! THE PAIN OF LOSING MY LOVE WAS LIKE A FEVER, LIKE AN ILLNESS! THEN, DURING THE MORNING...
RITA, PHIL'S ON THE PHONE--HE SAYS HE HAS TO TALK TO YOU! WON'T YOU PLEASE SPEAK TO HIM, DEAR?
NO... NO! JUST TELL HIM WHAT I TOLD YOU!
BEFORE SUPPER I WENT OUT TO BUY A FEW THINGS FOR MOTHER AT THE DRUG STORE...
...CAROL! I HOPE SHE DOESN'T SEE ME!
YES, OF COURSE I'M HAPPY!
LIP STICK
EAU COLOGNE 98¢
THEN THE WORDS CAME, MUCH AS THEY'D COME LONG AGO! AND AGAIN THEY SPELLED HEARTBREAK FOR ME!
AFTER ALL, I GOT ENGAGED YESTERDAY! AND IT WON'T GO WRONG THIS TIME--WE'RE BEING MARRIED SOON!
WONDERFUL, CAROL!
SO HE ASKED HER YESTERDAY! WELL, WHAT DID I EXPECT? I MUSTN'T CARE... I MUSTN'T!
SUDDENLY I DECIDED TO SEE IT THROUGH--TO SAVE MY PRIDE, EVEN IF I COULDN'T SAVE MY HAPPINESS!
CAROL!... I HEARD WHAT YOU SAID! CONGRATULATIONS AND... I HOPE YOU'LL BE VERY HAPPY!
WHY, THANKS, RITA! COMING FROM YOU, A KIND WORD IS A SURPRISE!
HER CATTINESS DIDN'T BOTHER ME! BY NOW NOTHING COULD! AT LEAST I WAS DETERMINED TO HIDE MY FEELINGS FROM EVERYONE...
HERE YOU ARE, MOM! WHAT'S FOR SUPPER? I'M STARVED!
WELL, DEAR, I'M GLAD TO SEE YOU'RE FEELING BETTER! YOU SEEM LIKE YOUR OLD SELF AGAIN!
NEXT MORNING I WENT TO WORK! MY JOB WAS LAB ASSISTANT--AND, FORTUNATELY, THAT DOESN'T REQUIRE MUCH TALKING! BUT AT TEN O'CLOCK...
MISS MALLON!.. RITA MALLON!
YES! WHAT IS IT?
5

YOU'RE WANTED IN PHIL LAMBERT'S DEPARTMENT, MISS MALLON! HE SENT ME TO GET YOU!
IN PHIL'S...! BUT I DON'T WANT TO SEE HIM-- I MEAN I HAVE WORK TO DO HERE!
SORRY--ORDERS FROM THE BOSS! MR. LAMBERT NEEDS AN EXTRA ASSISTANT TODAY AND HE ASKED FOR YOU!
WELL, ALL RIGHT! I GUESS THERE'S NOTHING I CAN DO ABOUT IT!
WHY DOES HE HAVE TO TORTURE ME THIS WAY?... WHY?
I DON'T WANT TO HEAR HIS EXPLANATIONS AND REGRETS! IF ONLY I CAN KEEP FROM CRYING, I'LL GET THROUGH IT SOMEHOW! I'LL PRETEND I DON'T CARE -- THAT I'M GLAD OUR LOVE IS OVER!
AS I WENT IN AND SAW PHIL'S BELOVED FACE, IT WAS ALL I COULD DO TO KEEP FROM SOBBING! BUT I MANAGED TO SMILE, AND...
RITA! I'M SO GLAD TO SEE YOU! I...
HELLO, PHIL! I'M TOLD CONGRATULATIONS ARE IN ORDER! WHEN ARE YOU AND CAROL GETTING MARRIED?
CAROL AND I...? DARLING, HAVE YOU GONE CRAZY? YOU KNOW I LOVE YOU, AND ONLY YOU! CAROL GOT HERSELF ENGAGED BY PHONE, TO SOME FELLA IN THE CITY!
WHAT? BUT YOU WENT TO SEE HER, AND...
SUDDENLY PHIL'S VOICE WAS THE MOST WONDERFUL SOUND IN THE WORLD--AND THE THINGS HE SAID WERE MAKING THE WHOLE WORLD RIGHT AGAIN--FOREVER!
CAROL ASKED ME TO COME OVER! SHE WANTED TO BRING BACK THE PAST-- BUT I TOLD HER I'D GROWN UP SINCE THEN, AND FOUND MY REAL LOVE!
SO SHE'S MARRYING SOMEONE ELSE! ... AND WE'RE TOGETHER, DARLING -- WHERE NO WHISPERS CAN EVER COME BETWEEN US AGAIN!
THE END


CARLA LIND FOR PRESIDENT!
GORDON PRENTISS FOR PRESIDENT!

LOVE WINS AN ELECTION

BY TRIPP HAMMOND

Carla hated Gordon's male superiority, until she found out about—His Past!

"MEN," I observed, "may have a few uses in the universal scheme of things, but socially they're as practical as a hole in the head."

"You mean Gordon Prentiss?" asked Janet Hill.

The three girls sharing a booth with me at Princetown's club for teen-agers, laughed.

I didn't. "In Gordon Prentiss, the typical male characteristics are concentrated. He's a big, hearty, over-confident, self-centered male extrovert. I detest him!"

"So do I," Janet said, giggling. "He looks like a devil, in a Greek god sort of way. That convertible of his is positively indecent. It's a sin how well he dances, and a shame how every girl in school envied your going out with him last night."

"Didn't you have fun?" Fran asked.

"Fun!" I exclaimed. "First we went swimming. Then roller skating. Then dancing. I didn't think I'd last through it. He's been in Princetown for two weeks, but all he talked about last night was school activities. He's already on the basketball team and the swimming team, and he wants to get into baseball, the Latin Club, track and the Junior class play. Fun's fun, but you can't play all day."

"Well if you don't want him—" Fran said.

"I don't want him," I said. "You can have him. He's too fat in the head for me."

"Here comes someone more to Carla's taste," Janet announced. "Charlie Luper."

The girls laughed again. I frowned at them. "Don't belittle poor Charlie," I said. "He has the rarest of male virtues. He's dependable."

"Hello, Carla. Hello, girls," he greeted us shyly.

I smiled at him, and he looked like a grateful spaniel. "I've been checking up on your chances of becoming president of the student council, Carla," he said. "You can't miss."

I felt a thrill of excitement. I had dreamed of having the job for a long time, and now the dream might become a reality. "How do you know, Charlie?" I asked breathlessly.

"Twenty people have to put up a name before it gets on the list of nominees," he said. "I don't think anyone but you has the minimum. You'll be nominated and elected at the same time."

The girls buzzed excitedly. "What did it," Janet said, "was that idea of yours about giving the money we make on the school plays to a college scholarship fund instead of to the Community Chest."

I felt warm and happy. The after effects of last night's date with Gordon Prentiss vanished. "The cokes are on me," I said.

The next morning, Janet and I hurried to the school bulletin board. What we read there proved Charlie wrong, and gave me a terrible shock. I was only *one* of the nominees. The other was Gordon Prentiss.

"But he's only been here two weeks," I protested.

"Don't worry," Janet said reassuringly. "He must realize he hasn't a chance against you in an election. He'll probably drop out."

Turning away, I saw Gordon Prentiss bearing down upon us. The next moment, his hands were under my arms and I was elevated so that my face was on an even plane with his. "Hi, gorgeous," he said conversationally. "When are you and I going to tear the feathers out of another evening?"

"*Unhand* me!" I muttered through clenched teeth.

He put me down and turned to Janet. "I seem to have the wrong touch with Carla," he said. "I only wanted to ask her to the school picnic on Saturday."

"I'm going with Charlie Luper," I said icily.

Gordon nodded sadly, then brightened. "May I see you tonight, though? I'd like to talk about this election business."

I was surprised. He was going to do the decent thing after all. He wanted my advice on how to decline gracefully. "All right," I agreed.

When Gordon breezed into the living room that evening, I was afraid the furniture would leave the floor and swirl in the air like autumn leaves.

"Sure you haven't changed your mind about going to the picnic with me?" he asked, sprawling comfortably.

"I told you I have a date," I said.

"Will you go with me to the Latin Club dance next week?" he asked.

"I'm sorry . . ."

"How about the Junior Prom next month?"

"How about the presidential election?" I asked.

"Frankly, that's a job I'd enjoy," he said. "But I don't think I should go for it."

"I understand," I said. "You haven't been here very long and . . ."

Gordon shrugged. "I'll be too busy," he said. "I've decided to try for football and debating, as well as everything else I mentioned to you last night."

Evidently he had no doubt he could be president if he wanted to—but he didn't, because he was too busy! Oh, the conceit!

"I'll drop out and leave you a clear field," he said, "on one condition."

"Really?" This was too amazing to believe!

"*If* you drop that business about giving the play money to a scholarship fund instead of to the Community Chest. We ought to develop a sense of civic responsibility. That's why the Community Chest idea is good. By comparison, your plan seems to me a bit selfish."

I took a deep breath and barely held my temper. "I shall not," I said acidly, "change one sliver of my platform!"

Gordon laughed good-naturedly. "Then I'll run against you," he said. "But naturally, we won't let a small political difference affect our friendship, will we? How about going with me to the Sports Club party six weeks from now?"

"I consider this interview ended," I said.

In the school paper the next day, I learned that Gordon's threat was not an idle one. "Prentiss to fight for presidency," screamed the headlines. "Takes stand on play money issue. Insists cash go to Community Chest." Further down, the headline "No Petticoat President" caught my eye. I read on. "Gordon Prentiss believes women should stay out of politics. In a statement to the press, he said, 'While I have every respect for my opponent, I feel she is too beautiful and popular to give as much time to the presidential office as the duties require. In fact, she is solidly engaged socially for the next six weeks. I happen to know that, because I tried to date her myself'."

He wants to play rough, does he? I thought angrily. I wonder how much looking into his past will stand?

Just before the rally that night, Janet, Charlie and I compared results on our investigations of Gordon Prentiss's past. "It isn't much," Janet said. "No one seems to know where the guy lived or went to school before he showed up here."

"Even his guardian doesn't know, or won't say," Charlie added.

"Hmmm," I said, thinking. "All this may have possibilities. We'll try, anyway."

Gordon made the first speech. He argued his points well. "I would point out that we have only two issues," he concluded. "One, shall the play money go to a scholarship fund or to the Community Chest? And two, will there be a man or a woman at the head of our student government? You will decide these issues in next week's elections."

Then I approached the stand. "Fellow students," I began crisply. "My opponent is correct in one thing. Your choice has boiled down to two clearly defined issues. The first has been debated adequately—not so the second. My opponent, in effect, has accused me of being a useless female. I'm sure you agree that a candidate's record is more important than her sex." Then I listed my record of activities at Princetown High. "In conclusion, I ask, nay *insist*, that my opponent cite *his* record."

At first Gordon would not answer my challenge, but the demands from the audience drove him to the stand. "What I have been in the past is unimportant," he said. "It's what I am to you now that matters. I feel that all of you are my friends. I'll take my stand on that, and may the best *man* win."

I realized that my point had been neatly evaded and was being lost in the laughter which followed this quip. "We want the Prentiss record," I shouted into the din. The chant was taken up by my supporters, but Gordon refused to say anything more.

By the next afternoon, my gang had our campaign well under way. The school was plastered with signs reading, "Who is Gordon Prentiss? What is he? Where does he come from? Why is he here? Do we want him for President? NO! Vote for Carla Lind." The signs were effective. The students began wondering if Gordon really had something to hide.

The next day was Friday. In the evening there was a telephone call for me. "Hi, gorgeous," a voice said. "Who is Gordon Prentiss?" it quoted. "*I* am he."

"You!" Evidently his nerve was limitless, I thought irritably.

"Don't forget the picnic tomorrow," he said. "I'll call for you at two. Okay?"

"I told you I was going with Charlie Luper."

"Oh, so you did. I keep forgetting. Well, how about the Students' Ball next June?"

"No."

"That takes care of the social functions for this term. What about next year? Doing anything for the Senior Prom?"

"No."

"Good!"

"I mean no, I won't go with you."

I heard him sigh elaborately. "You don't treat me very kindly," he lamented. "That's going to be bad for our children some day—their mother being unkind to their father."

"My children," I said through my teeth, "will be taught never to speak to yours!"

Promptly at two the next day, I heard the hoarse beep of the horn and ran downstairs to find Charlie's battered old car waiting. It took me several seconds after I got in to realize what was wrong. The driver was Gordon Prentiss.

"How *dare* you!" I demanded. "Where's Charlie?"

"Hmmm?" Gordon said innocently. "Oh, *him*. I told him I had to talk to you about the election, and he agreed to this switch." He smiled sweetly at me. "You don't quite understand poor ol' Charlie. He likes to worship you from afar, to bask in your reflected glory. But he's rather uncomfortable in your presence. Now me, I like being with you."

"Gordon Prentiss, you are the most conceited, impossible fellow I've ever met!" I exploded, my voice shaking with fury. "All I want out of life is to avoid you."

"So far, you haven't had much success, have you?" he said sympathetically.

Conversation was useless, I decided. We drove in silence. Then suddenly, Gordon swerved the car off the road into a driveway. We passed well-kept grounds, and finally stopped before a large building. "What is this?" I gasped.

"My past," he answered. "Come. I'll show you."

Inside, there was a sharp smell of disinfectant. A nurse came toward us.

"A hospital?" I mumbled my confusion.

Gordon nodded. "A convalescent home for people who've had infantile paralysis." He led me into one of the rooms. A white-faced, twelve-year-old boy lay propped up on the bed. His face flushed with excitement when he saw us.

"Hiya, Danny."

"Gordon! Gee, it's good to see you! How's the ol' leg?" Danny asked.

"Perfect," Gordon answered. "Couldn't be better. I'm thinking of becoming a circus acrobat." They both laughed heartily at this joke.

Then Danny turned to me. "You're Carla Lind, aren't you?" he asked. "Gordon says you're the prettiest girl in Princetown High."

I knew I was blushing and, suprisingly, I could say nothing. I accepted Danny's hand and held it.

"I'll be going to Princetown High one of these days, too," he said. "Won't I, Gordon?"

"Of course, you will, slugger," Gordon said. He reached over and rumpled the boy's hair. "If I could do it, you can."

"And I'll be on the basketball team, won't I?"

"You'll be the best player they've had there for years," Gordon said. "Just keep shooting those baskets when the doc says its okay. And learn those new rules. I'll be up tomorrow and we'll talk some more about theory."

The boy's eyes sparkled. "That'll be swell, Gordon!"

In the corridor, I turned to Gordon. "You were *here?*"

He nodded. "For five years . . . five years," he repeated softly.

"I'd never have guessed," I said, bewildered and ashamed.

"Oh, come," he laughed. "It wasn't too bad. I'm perfectly recovered." He took my arm and led me down the corridor. "You see, I can help the kids here now. They hear about everything I do at school, and I sort of share it with them. They get a little of the fun I'm having. They know I was like them once, and if I can get back again, so can they. That's why I push around so hard at school. Everything I accomplish there adds a little to their courage and hope." He laughed again. "You must meet the others. They're all old friends of yours—I've told them so much about you."

Oh, Gordon, if I had only known! I thought. But at the same time I realized that my ignorance of his past wasn't enough to excuse the way I'd treated him. While I was calling him all sorts of names, he'd only been trying to make up for lost time. His activities and popularity, which I had so cleverly ridiculed, were boosting the spirits of desperate kids. I was the one who was being conceited all that time—thinking I knew it all! But somehow this new humility didn't hurt too much, because with it came a growing admiration for Gordon.

And when we were in the car again, another thought struck me. "Do you want our play money to go to the Community Chest because part of that goes to fight infantile paralysis?"

Gordon nodded sheepishly.

I found suddenly that the tears were running down my cheeks, and I couldn't stop them. "Oh, Gordon, I feel like such a *heel!*" I blurted it out, because it wouldn't stay inside of me any longer.

"Hey, don't, Carla," he said. "You make me feel like a worse heel. After all, you didn't know."

I shook my head. "I've just made up my mind, Gordon," I said. "I'm going to drop out of the presidential election. You've got to have it!"

He frowned. "You can't do that, Carla!" he argued.

"Gordon Prentiss," I said, "haven't you learned yet how stubborn I can be?"

He laughed aloud. "I most certainly have!"

"Well, then . . ."

"All right. I give up. But look, Carla, you've got to be vice-president or it's no go. Is that a date?"

I nodded.

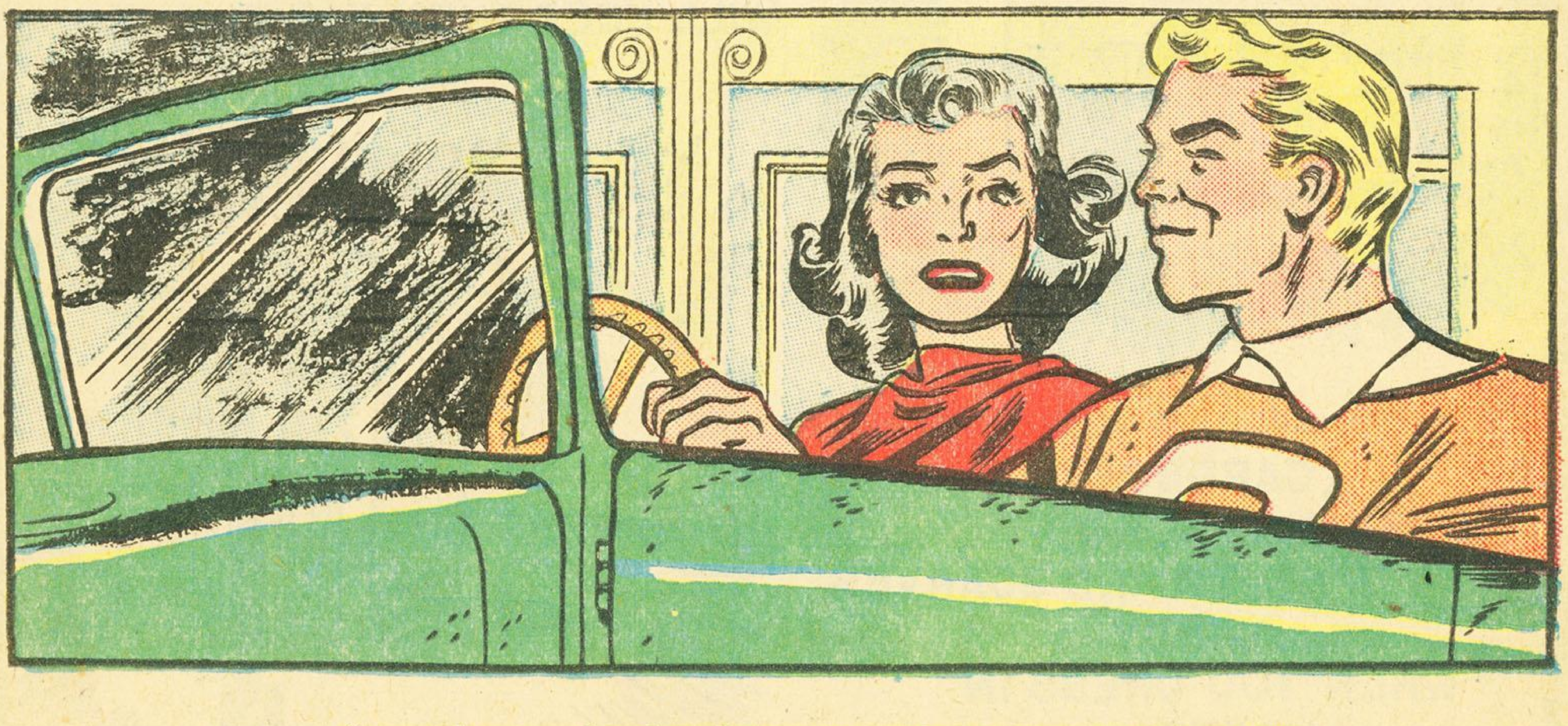
"And speaking of dates," he said, "how about the Latin Club dance next week?"

I nodded again.

"And the Junior Prom, and the Sports Club party, and the Students' Ball?"

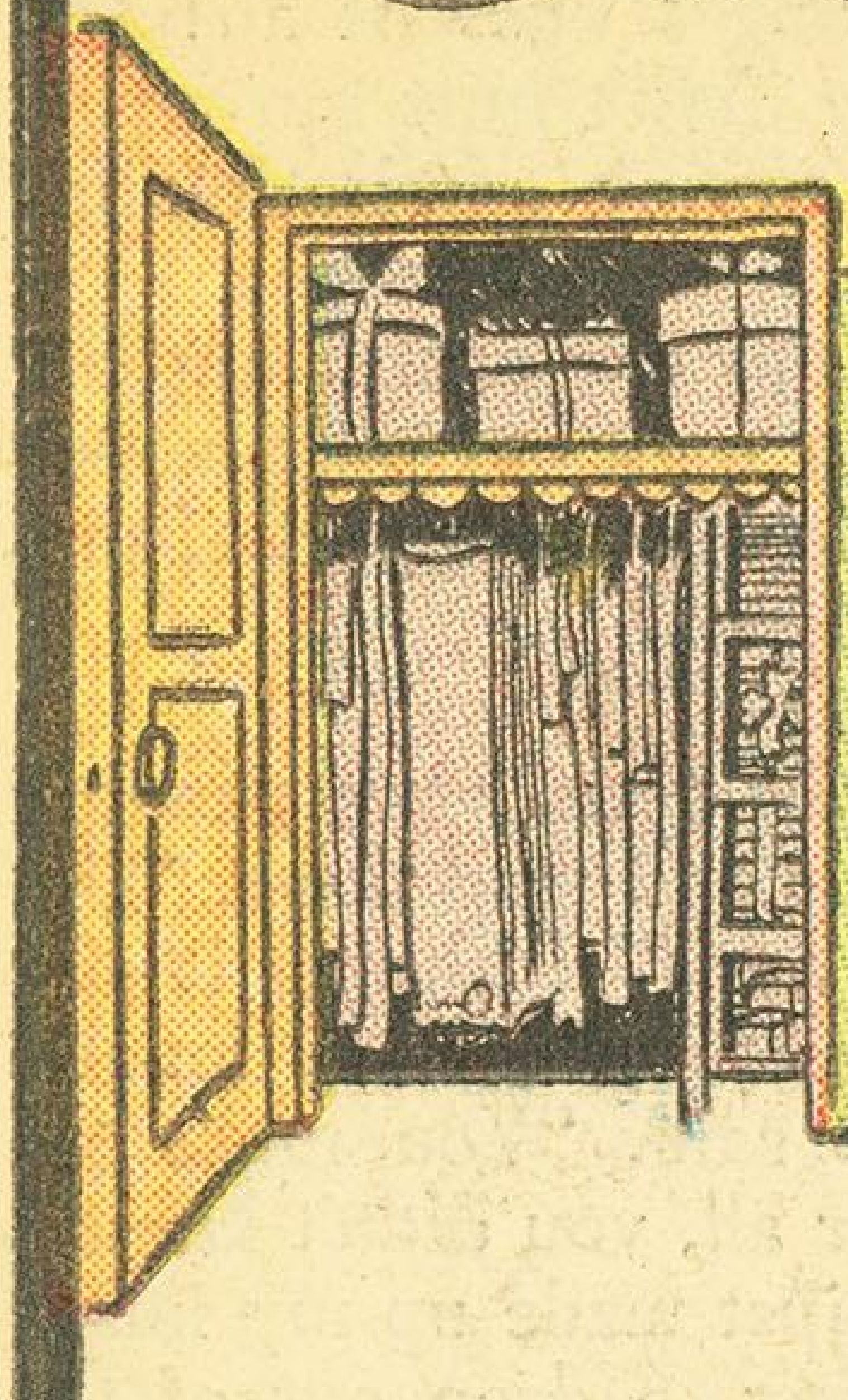
"And the Senior Prom next year," I added happily.

THE END

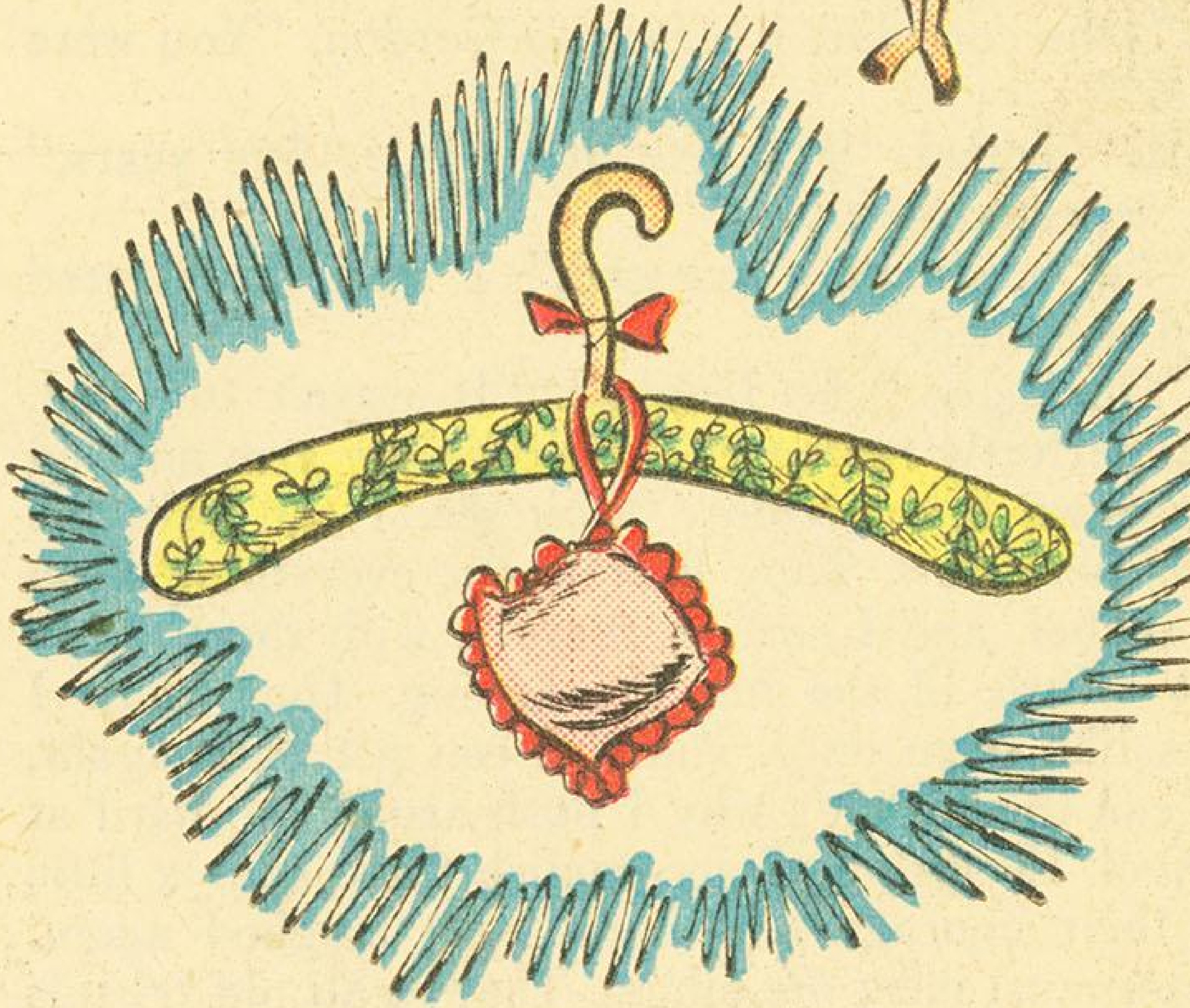


Several seconds after I got into Charlie's car, I realized something was wrong. "How dare you!" I demanded. "Where's Charlie?"

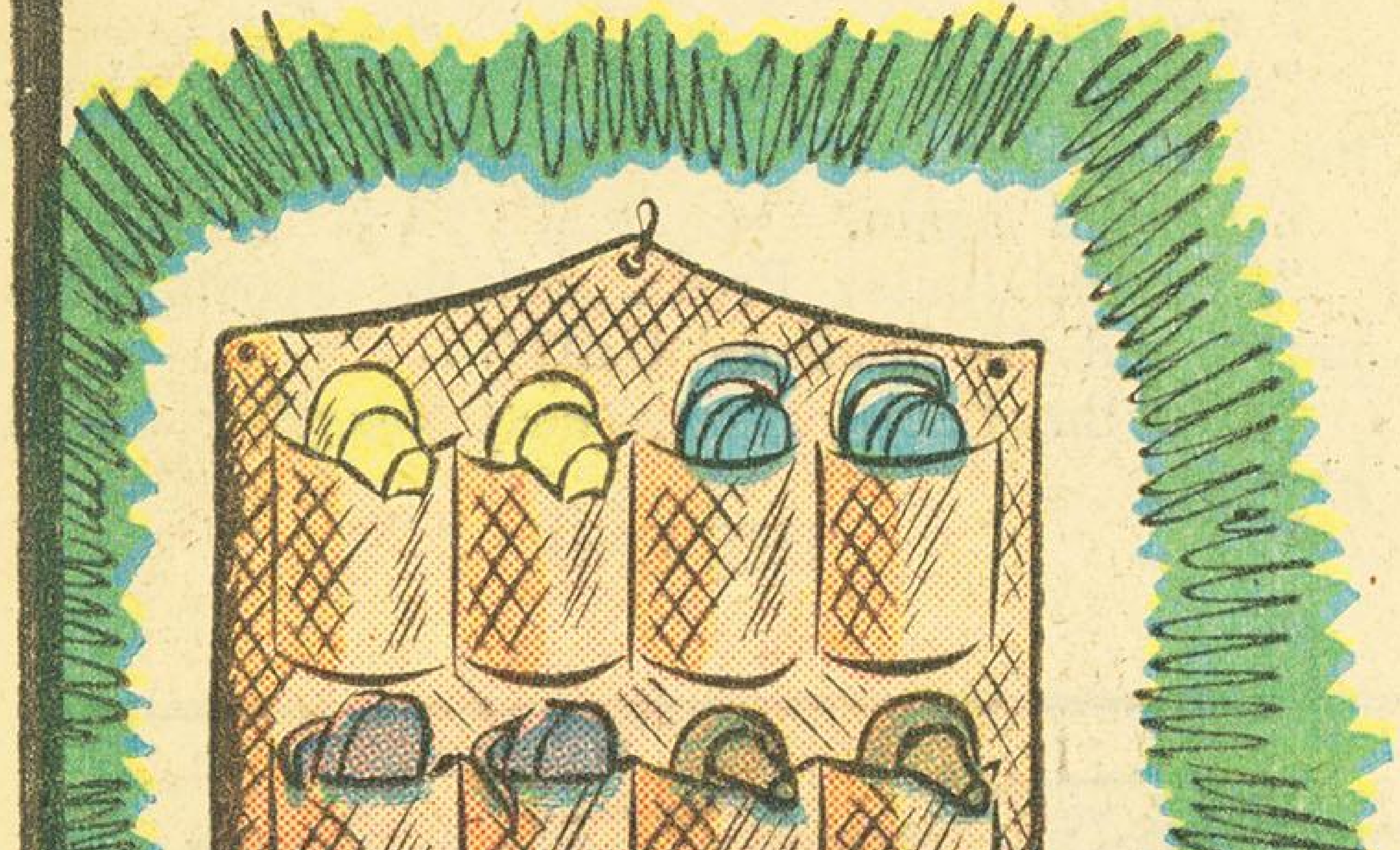
Charm Corner



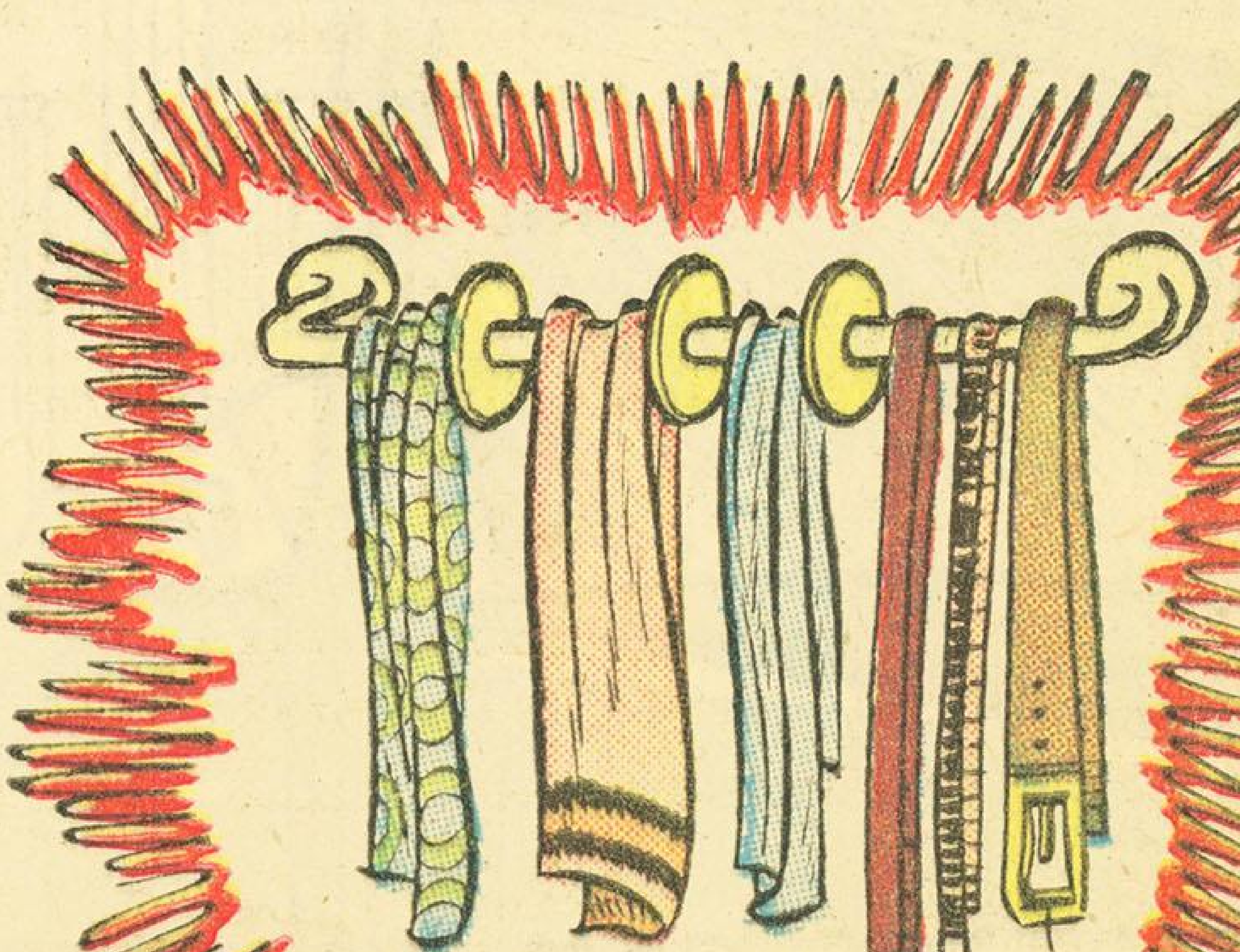
A GIRL LOOKS MOST FETCHING
IN CLOTHES NEAT AND PRESSED,
BUT SHE WON'T LOOK THAT WAY
IF HER CLOSET IS MESSED!



COVER ROUGH HANGERS
WITH COTTON CLOTH BRIGHT;
ADD BAGS OF SACHET
TO MAKE CLOTHES SMELL
JUST RIGHT.



SHOES PILED ON THE FLOOR
GROW SHABBY MUCH QUICKER;
SHOE BAGS ON THE DOOR
WILL KEEP THEM FAR SLICKER.



TOWEL RACKS WITH DISCS
(CARDBOARD),
EVENLY SPACED,
KEEP BELTS AND SCARVES
HANDY
WHEN YOU DRESS IN
HASTE.

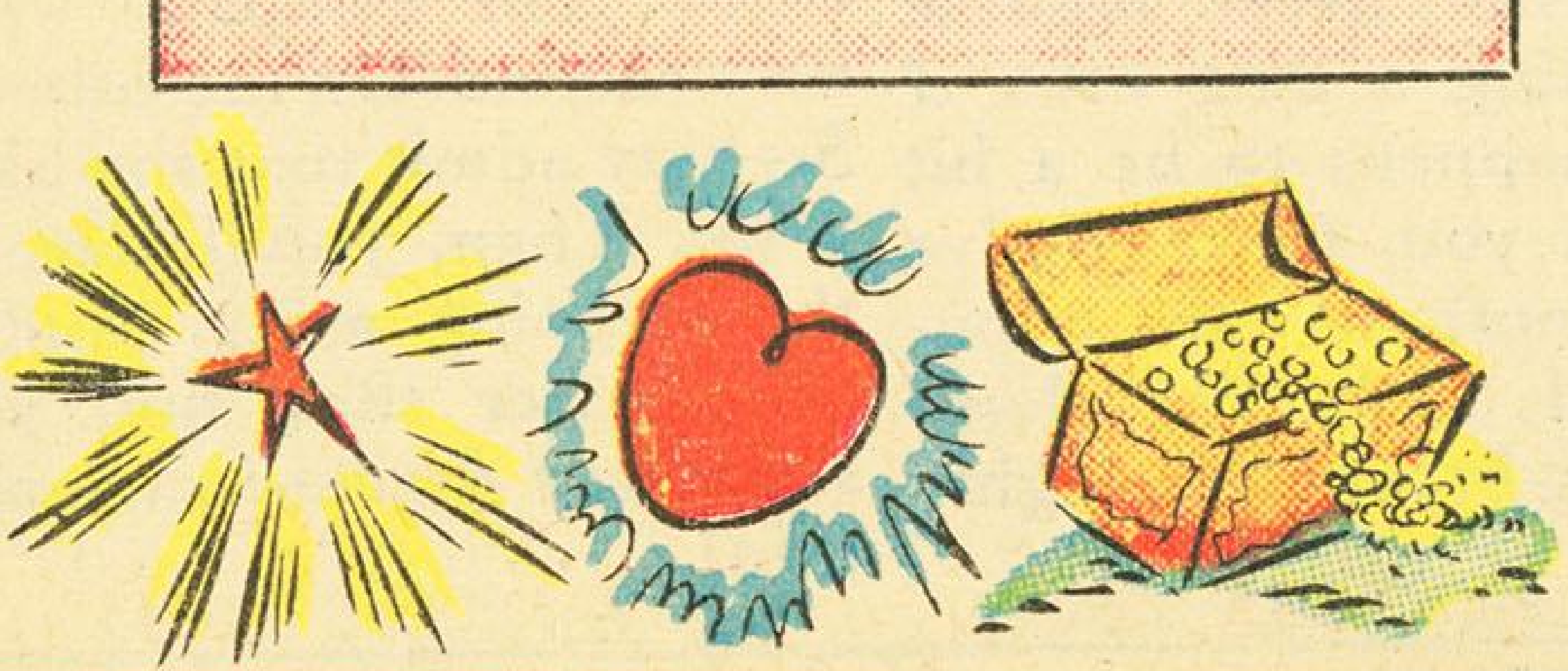
WHIZZ QUIZZ

1 **Dear Santa—Won't you**
bring to me
These gifts from far
across the sea?
I don't know where—
I must confess.
They can be found, but
won't you guess?

1. A packet of tulip bulbs from ——.
2. A lace mantilla from ———.
3. A pet kangaroo from ———.
4. A set of Limoges dinnerware from ———.
5. A Ming vase from ———.
6. A colorful serape from ———.
7. A bottle of Tokay wine from ——.
8. A balalaika from ———.
9. A mandarin robe from ———.
10. A fragrant lei from ———.

2 **Take a trip with us in record time. Here are the clues to the places we'll visit.**

1. A slow boat
2. The low road
3. Where the flying fishes play
4. Right back where we started from
5. The stars at night are big and bright
6. East side, west side
7. By the trail of the lonesome pine
8. Her heart was young and gay
9. You leave the Pennsylvania Station at a quarter to four
10. I looked for the treasure



ANSWERS TO 1: 1—Holland, 2—Spain, 3—Australia, 4—France, 5—China, 6—Mexico, 7—Hungary, 8—Russia, 9—China, 10—Hawaii.

ANSWERS TO 2: 1—China, 2—Loch Lomond, 3—Mandalay, 4—California, 5—Texas, 6—New York City, 7—Virginia, 8—Paris, 9—Chattanooga, 10—Sierra Madre.

EVERYTHING
YOU WANT TO KNOW

miss America
15¢

EVERYTHING
to make a SMART
TEEN SMARTER

WANT to step to the head of the class? Here's a magazine devoted entirely to your needs . . . Here are articles on how to handle boys (all the tricks a girl can use to snag herself a steady), and the actual *transcription* of a secret gabfest, in which the boys voiced their opinions of girls, what they do and don't like about them . . . There's also Elizabeth Taylor's advice on staying lovely; a stern warning, too, on the dangers of 'teasing' — and of course more wonderful, wonderful *fashions you can afford*, beauty for every girl, personality. In short, all the wiles and wherefores of being a happy, lighthearted, but loveable gal. . . . And remember, you get . . .

EVERYTHING
FOR ONLY 15¢
COMPLETELY NEW
Miss America
AT YOUR NEWSSTAND NOW!

For Girls Only!

Having your share of holiday cheer? If not—are there any old problems you'd like to get off your chest? Send me a letter, and I'll do my best to clear them all away—for a HAPPY NEW YEAR'S DAY!

Personally yours,

Polly Parker

We're sorry, but Miss Parker can only answer letters which are published in her column.

Dear Polly,

I've dated a boy for four years now. We never went steady or made any commitments to each other. We've just graduated, and I am going away to college. You might say that I'll probably forget about him at college where I'll meet so many new friends. But four years is a long time, and I don't think I could like anyone else as well. Should I tell him how I feel about him?

N. G.

Dear N. G.,

You're right; you *will* find loads of new friends at college. I don't say that this will definitely change your feelings toward your boy friend, but it may. And as long as there is that possibility, it's only fair to you and to him to stay clear of commitments. Perhaps he realizes this and that's why he hasn't spoken up. So—keep it light! Write and keep in touch, but don't reveal the way you feel until you're absolutely sure. Even then, he should be the first to tell it to you.

Dear Polly,

I'm only fourteen years old, and I'm five feet eleven inches tall. I'm attractive, but my height makes me so self-conscious that every time a boy so much as speaks to me I become unnatural and frozen. There are boys that are taller than me, but I scare them away. How can I overcome this?

M. A. W.

Dear M. A. W.,

Try to feel as much at ease with boys, no matter what their height, as you do with the girls. After all, they're just people! If your talk is interesting, they'll listen. And if you listen to what they say and are sympathetic and concerned, they'll like it—and you. Don't think of your five feet eleven inches any more than you would about the fact that you're blonde or brunette. And never hesitate about accepting a date even if the fellow happens to be a bit shorter than you. Once you've gained a foothold on popularity, you'll lose that deep-freeze feeling before the mighty male!

Dear Polly,

I've become very fond of a boy who's going with my sister. She's two years older than I am. Whenever my sister is away, this fellow asks me out. But as soon as she returns, he seems to forget all about me. My sister doesn't know how much I like him, so she talks about him often. She has said that she doesn't particularly like this boy, that he's just someone nice to go out with. I like him very much. What would you suggest I do?

B. K.

Dear B. K.,

Why don't you confide your problem to your sister? She'll understand it. If she really doesn't care for her friend, she may step quietly out of his life. Perhaps she can even help you win him. This shouldn't be too difficult, since he seems to enjoy your company when Sis isn't around. On the other hand, Sis may admit that she likes him a lot. Then, you'll have to do the stepping aside. And do it fast! After that, find yourself some new dream-man—all your own!

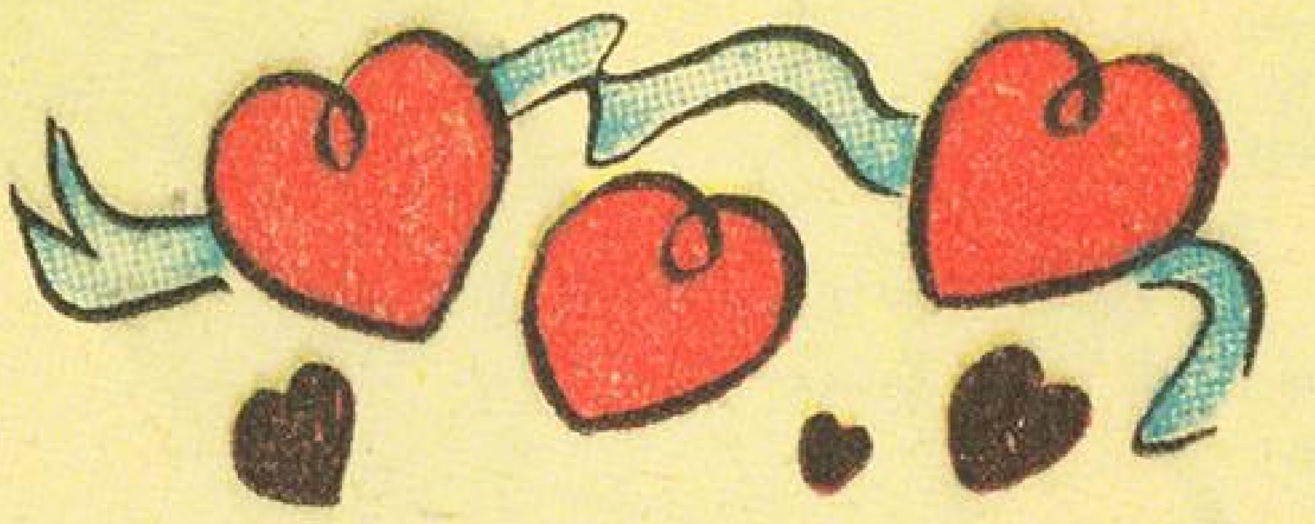
Dear Polly,

I'm twelve years old, and I find the boys my age dull and childish. As for the older ones, they expect to be kissed, and I don't like to do that. If it wasn't for that, I'm sure I'd get along fine with the older fellows. Who can I go out with?

B. J.

Dear B. J.,

You've got the right idea about dates and kisses! It takes time and genuine affection to lead to that combination. But there's no reason why you can't have fun with other girls and fellows your age. How about joining some of the school clubs—dramatics, science, photography — whatever your interests happen to be. The other members of the club are sure to have something in common with you! And you'll be meeting after club hours for sodas and walks and more talk. That couldn't be dull!



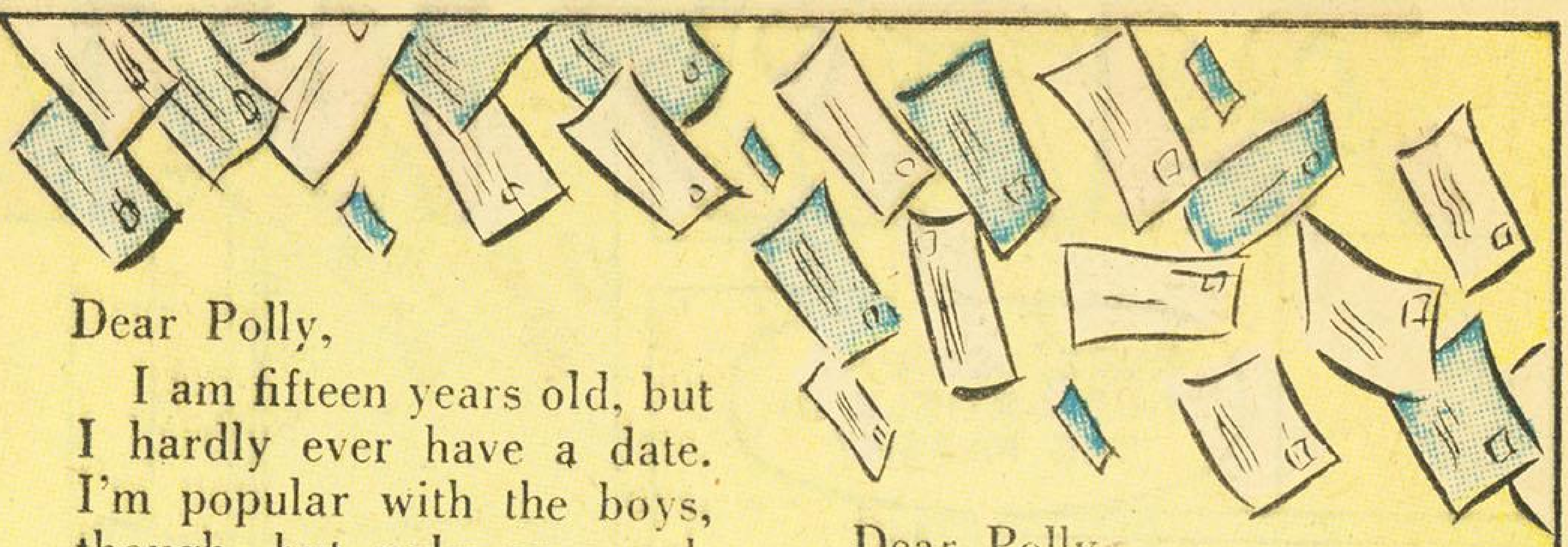
Dear Polly,

I have a girl friend who often arranges dates for me. But she always tells me afterwards how much I owe her for doing this, and that no boy would go out with me unless she asked him to. She's cute, but very conceited. How can I show her that I'm as good as she is?

D. L. F.

Dear D. L. F.,

It's time to go out on your own! If this friend of yours belongs to the same group that you do, treat her as you would any of the other girls in the gang. But don't let her arrange your date-life for you! Go out only with the boys who ask you of their own accord. You should be able to prove yourself—if you cut the strings this girl has tied you up with!



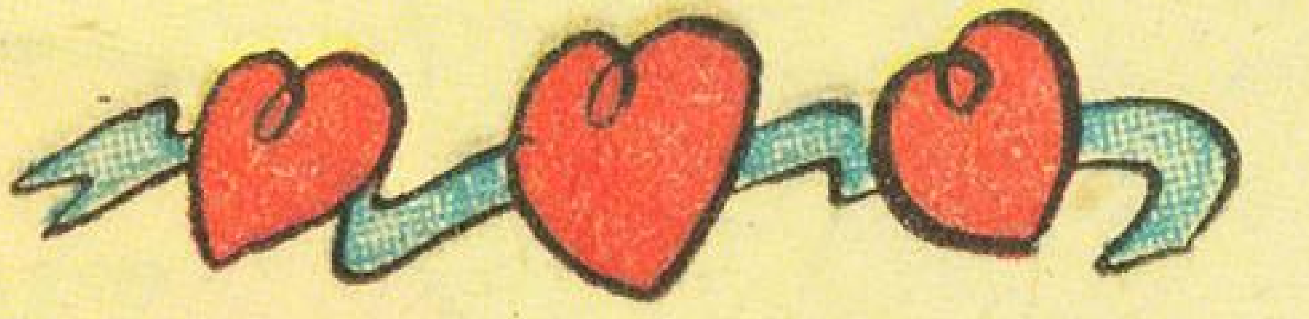
Dear Polly,

I am fifteen years old, but I hardly ever have a date. I'm popular with the boys, though, but only as a pal. They ask me about homework and other girls, but they never ask for dates. What can I do?

L. G.

Dear L. G.,

You have all the opportunity for becoming date-bait, since boys are your pals. Get on the ball! When you find an opening, mention the latest school dance or the fun the crowd has bowling Friday night. If you mind your hair-brushing, face-scrubbing and grooming details, one of your boy chums is sure to say he'd like to go, too—with you!



Dear Polly,

A boy I know comes to my house almost every night with his friends, and we talk and joke. He's never asked me for a date, though, and I would like to know if it would be right to ask him to my sweet sixteen party. His friends say he's shy. What can I do to make him ask me out?

S. K.

Dear S. K.,

You're a lucky gal! Your shy friend likes you well enough to come to see you often — and that's a good start. By all means, invite him to your party! As hostess, you can ask him to dance and initiate the small talk. Don't rush things, though, and don't be too disappointed if he doesn't shower you with date offers immediately! He may not be quite ready for dating. But when the time comes—and it will—you stand a good chance of being the girl he'll think of first!

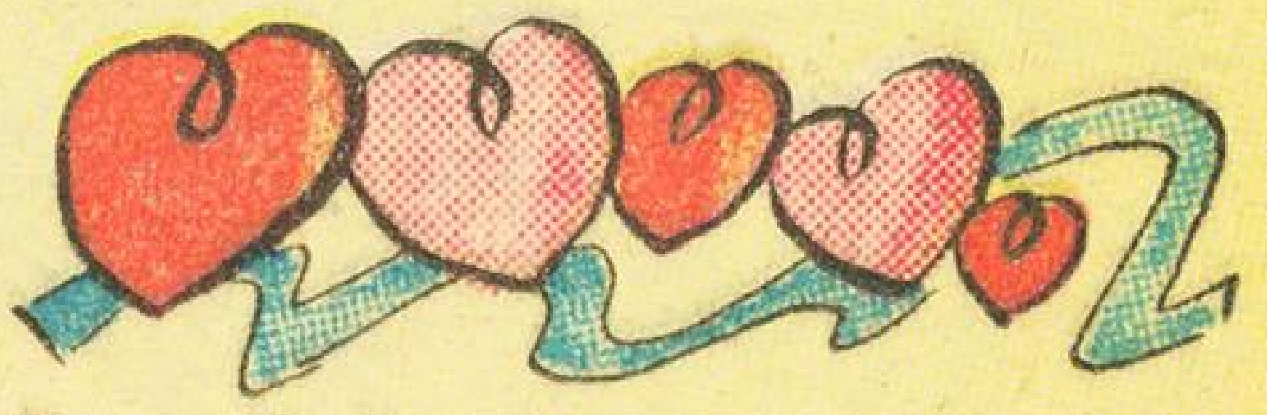
Dear Polly,

If a boy calls you up the very day he wants you to go out with him, should you go?

J. C. H.

Dear J. C. H.,

Never stand on ceremony if it might mean missing a good time! A last-minute call may lead to an enchanted evening. Of course, if the late call is from a Casanova that makes a habit of calling you at the last minute, let him know you don't like it! He'll respect you for speaking up, and will probably make his future requests earlier.



Dear Polly,

Do you think it's right for a boy to date a girl who's older than he is?

H. G.

Dear H. G.,

It depends on the boy and girl. Most girls grow up faster than boys, and they prefer their dates a little older. But many a lad manages to keep pace with the lasses! And age isn't the most important thing about dating. Do you chat easily? Do you like to do the same things? Do you have fun together? If the answers are "yes," the date is all for the best!

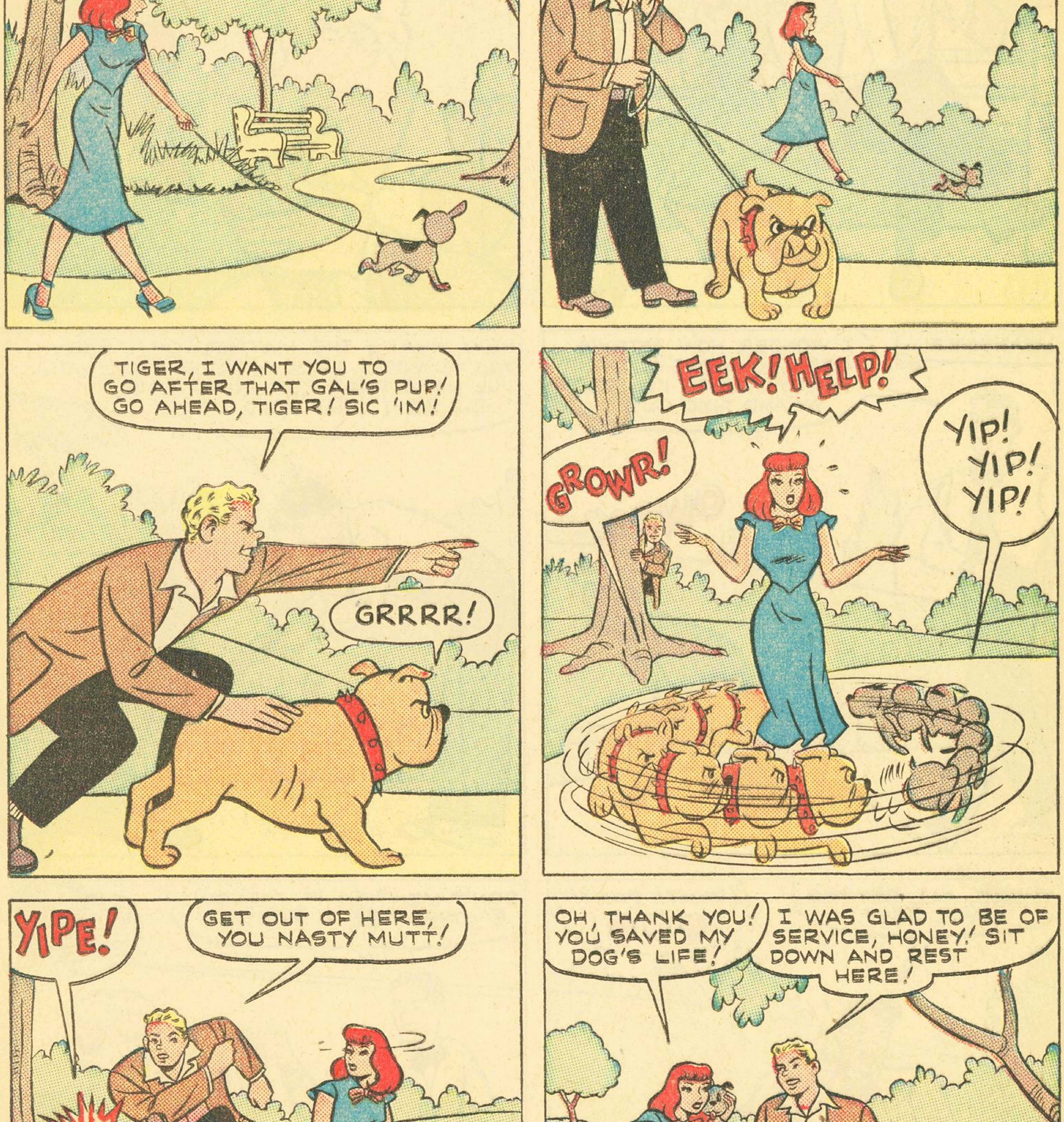
Send your letters in care of:

Polly Parker
Suite 1404
350 Fifth Avenue
New York 1, N. Y.

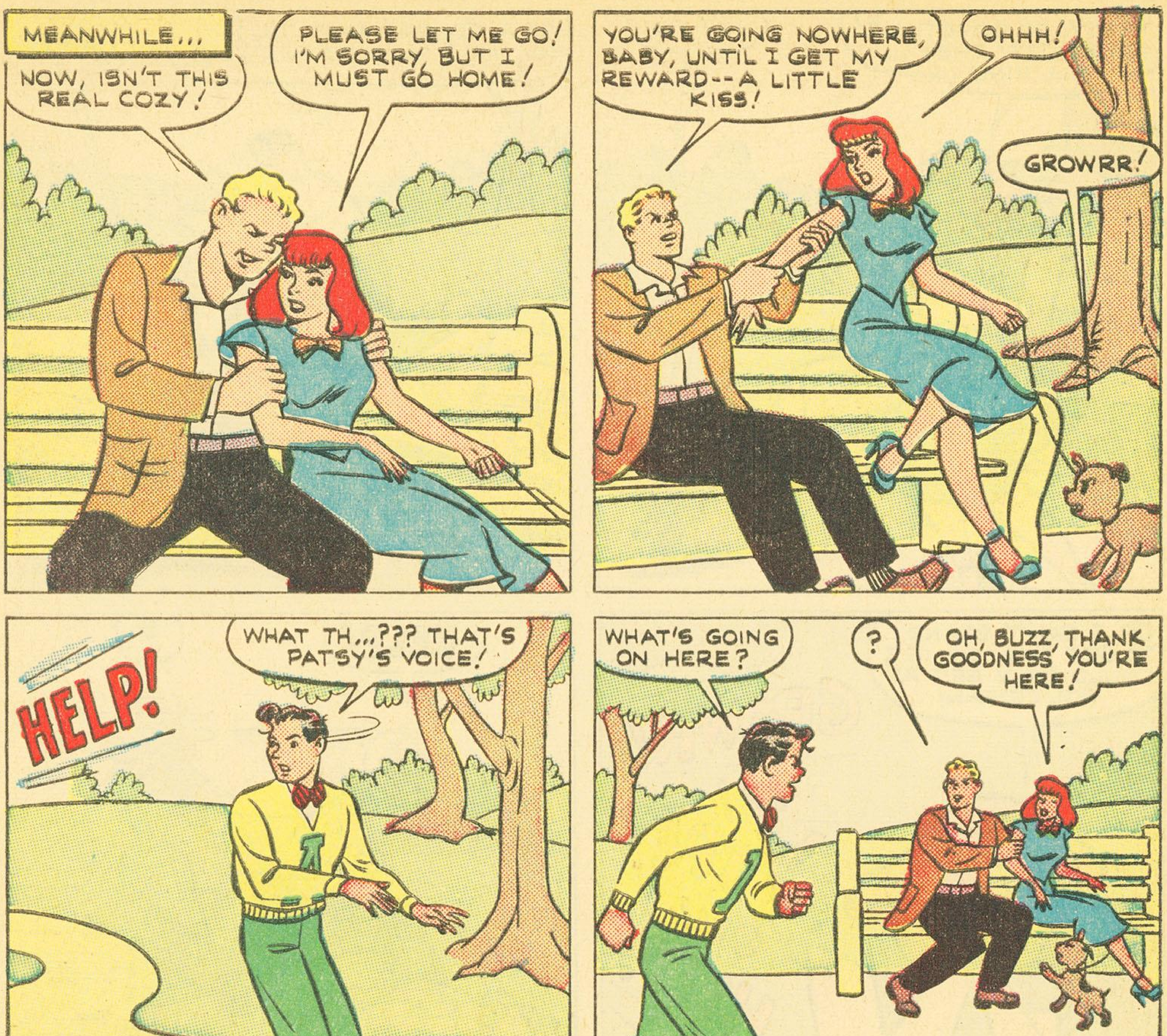
PATSY WALKER
BUZZ, LOOK AT THIS ARTICLE IN THE PAPER!
DAILY HERALD
DOG CAPTURES BURGLAR!!
THE PROBLEM PET!
6806
FINAL
DAILY HERALD
DOG CAPTURES BURGLAR
THE HOME OF MR. AND MRS. J.P. GROGAN IS SAFE TODAY BECAUSE OF THE HEROISM DISPLAYED BY THEIR DOG FIDO! LAST NIGHT WHILE THE NEIGHBORHOOD WAS QUIET AND DARK, A MAN WAS
DOGS ARE CERTAINLY WONDERFUL! LAST WEEK A WHOLE FAMILY WAS SAVED WHEN THEIR DOG WOKE THEM IN TIME TO GET OUT OF THEIR BURNING HOME!
1

GOLLY, I'D GIVE ANYTHING TO HAVE A NICE DOG FOR PROTECTION! I SOMETIMES HAVE TO COME HOME ALONE AFTER DARK AND IT SCARES ME SILLY!
WELL, MAYBE SOMEONE WILL SURPRISE YOU ON YOUR BIRTHDAY!
THAT WOULD BE NICE--BUT MY BIRTHDAY'S A LONG WAY OFF!
WELL, MAYBE SOMETHING WILL TURN UP! ANYWAY I'VE GOT TO RUN ALONG NOW! 'BYE!
HAH! AM I SHREWD! I'LL BET SHE'LL REALLY BE SURPRISED WHEN I BRING HER A DOG... I SURE PUT ON A GOOD ACT!
I WONDER WHAT KIND OF A DOG BUZZ'LL BRING ME NOW!
THIS, SIR, IS A LOVELY THOROUGHBRED!
SWELL! HOW MUCH?
PETS
NINETY DOLLARS, SIR!
ULP! I'D LIKE TO SEE SOMETHING A LITTLE LESS THOROUGHBRED... SAY AROUND FIVE BUCKS!
PETS
2

HERE YOU ARE, SIR-- HE ANSWERS TO THE NAME OF PERCY!
YOU MUST SELL THEM BY THE POUND! BUT, OKAY--WRAP HIM UP!
YIP!
LATER...
HELLO, PATSY! CLOSE YOUR EYES! I'VE GOT A SURPRISE FOR YOU!
OH, BUZZ! I'M DYING OF CURIOSITY!
THERE!
OH, BUZZ! JUST WHAT I'VE ALWAYS WANTED! A...A... WHAT IS IT?
YIP!
WHY, PATSY, THIS IS PERCY-- YOUR FUTURE PROTECTOR! HE'S A WONDERFUL DOG!
OH, IT'S A DOG! I THOUGHT IT MIGHT BE A MOUSE!
PATSY! PLEASE! YOU'LL HURT HIS FEELINGS! HAVE NO FEAR... PERCY CAN BE QUITE VICIOUS WHEN HE'S ANGRY!
HMMMPH! ANYWAY, HE WON'T HAVE FLEAS-- THERE ISN'T ROOM ON HIM FOR ANY!
I'LL LEAVE YOU TWO TO GET ACQUAINTED NOW! I'VE GOT A FEW ERRANDS TO DO!
(SIGH!) THANKS ANYWAY, BUZZ --I'LL TAKE HIM FOR A WALK IN THE PARK!
3

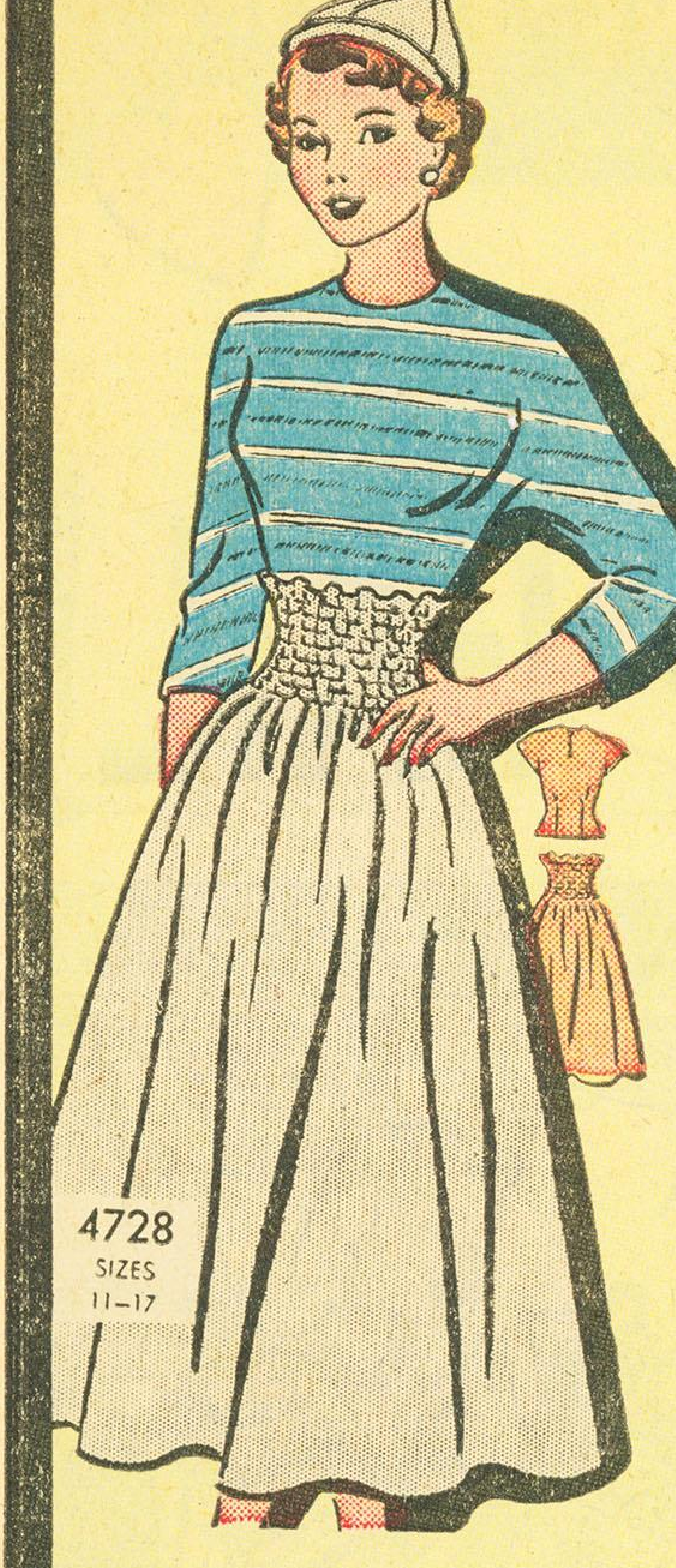

WHAT A DOG! NOW I'VE GOT TO WORRY ABOUT PROTECTING HIM! IF HE EVER MEETS A KITTEN IT'LL BE CURTAINS FOR HIM!
HMMM! WHAT A SWELL-LOOKING DISH... I'D SURE LIKE TO MEET HER! HMM! I'VE GOT AN IDEA!
TIGER, I WANT YOU TO GO AFTER THAT GAL'S PUP! GO AHEAD, TIGER! SIC 'IM!
GRRRR!
EEK! HELP!
GROWR!
YIP! YIP! YIP!
YIPE!
GET OUT OF HERE, YOU NASTY MUTT!
OH, THANK YOU! YOU SAVED MY DOG'S LIFE!
I WAS GLAD TO BE OF SERVICE, HONEY! SIT DOWN AND REST HERE!
4

MY NAME'S SLICK, HONEY! WHAT'S YOURS?
ER... PATSY! THANK YOU VERY MUCH FOR COMING TO MY RESCUE! 'BYE NOW!
HEY, WAIT A MINUTE, BABY! IS THAT ANY WAY TO TREAT SOMEONE WHO RISKS HIS LIFE FOR YOU? CAN'T WE AT LEAST GET TO KNOW EACH OTHER A LITTLE BETTER?
OF COURSE! I CAN STAY A LITTLE WHILE!
MEANWHILE...
I WONDER HOW PATSY'S GETTING ALONG WITH PERCY! GUESS I'LL DROP BY AND FIND OUT!
OWOOo..
HEY! WHAT'S THE MATTER? OH, I SEE-- YOU'VE GOT A TACK IN YOUR PAW! WELL, I'LL HAVE THAT OUT IN NO TIME, BIG BOY! JUST HOLD TIGHT!
THERE, ALL BETTER NOW, I BET!
(PANT! PANT!)
DON'T MENTION IT, FELLOW! S'LONG... SEE Y' AROUND!
5


MEANWHILE...
NOW, ISN'T THIS REAL COZY!
PLEASE LET ME GO! I'M SORRY, BUT I MUST GO HOME!
YOU'RE GOING NOWHERE, BABY, UNTIL I GET MY REWARD--A LITTLE KISS!
OHHH!
GROWRR!
HELP!
WHAT TH...??? THAT'S PATSY'S VOICE!
WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?
?
OH, BUZZ, THANK GOODNESS YOU'RE HERE!
GRRRR!
TWEET!
GET HIM, TIGER!
GRROWRR!
6

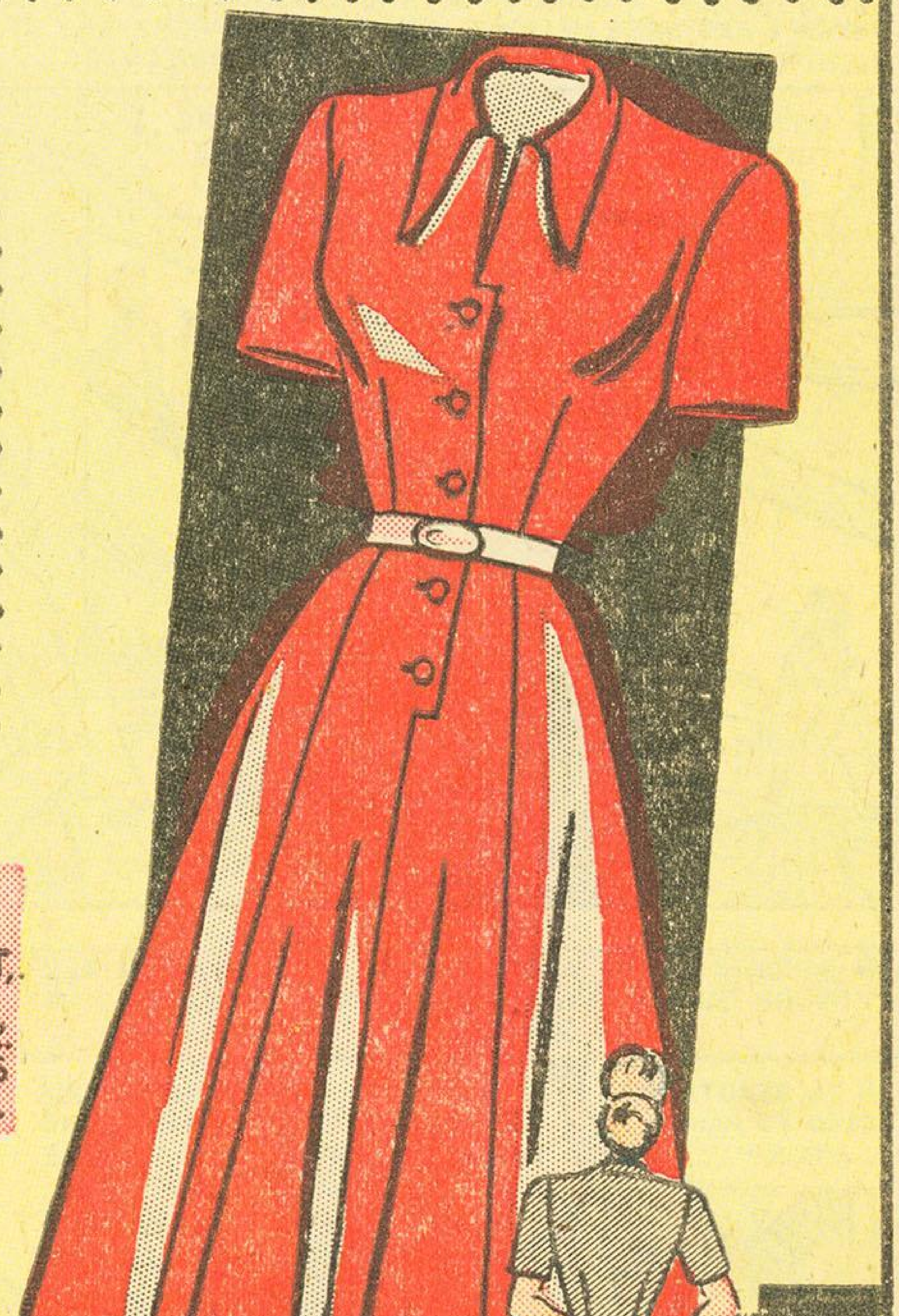
PERCY! DO SOMETHING! HELP BUZZ! THEY'LL KILL HIM!
YIP! YIP!
I'M A GONER! WHAT TH..? BOY, AM I GLAD TO SEE YOU!
GRWRR!
OH, I CAN'T STAND TO SEE THIS! OH, IF I COULD ONLY GET A POLICEMAN!
GROWR!
YIP!
YIPE!
OW!
HELP!
HELP!
?
YIP! YIP!
ROWF! ROWF!
THANKS, FELLA... NOW WE'RE EVEN! S'LONG!
A
7
NOW, I KNOW I'VE GOT THE TWO BRAVEST PROTECTORS IN THE WORLD!
THE END

STITCHIN' TIME



4728
SIZES
11–17

4728–THIS SUPER SPORT OUTFIT IS A SCHOOL DAY, SODA-TIME BOON. THE SKIRT, WITH AN ELASTICIZED WAISTBAND, IS A CINCH TO MAKE AND SLIP INTO. COUPLE IT WITH THE SWEATER-TYPE BLOUSE AND PIXIE HAT--AND YOU'RE SHARP AND COMFY. COMES IN JUNIOR MISS SIZES 11, 13, 15, 17. SIZE 13 SKIRT (INCLUDING MATERIAL FOR HAT) USES 2 1/8 YARDS OF 54-INCH MATERIAL. SIZE 13 BLOUSE TAKES 1 3/4 YARDS OF 54-INCH MATERIAL.



4898
SIZES
12—20

4898–EVERY WARDROBE CALLS FOR A CLASSIC CASUAL DRESS LIKE THIS ONE. ADD A STRING OF BEADS AND A BRACELET, AND IT'S NIFTY FOR DATES. SIMPLE AND UNADORNED, IT'S A CLASSROOM CHARMER. COMES IN SIZES 12, 14, 16, 18, 20. SIZE 16 REQUIRES 4 YARDS OF 39-INCH MATERIAL.

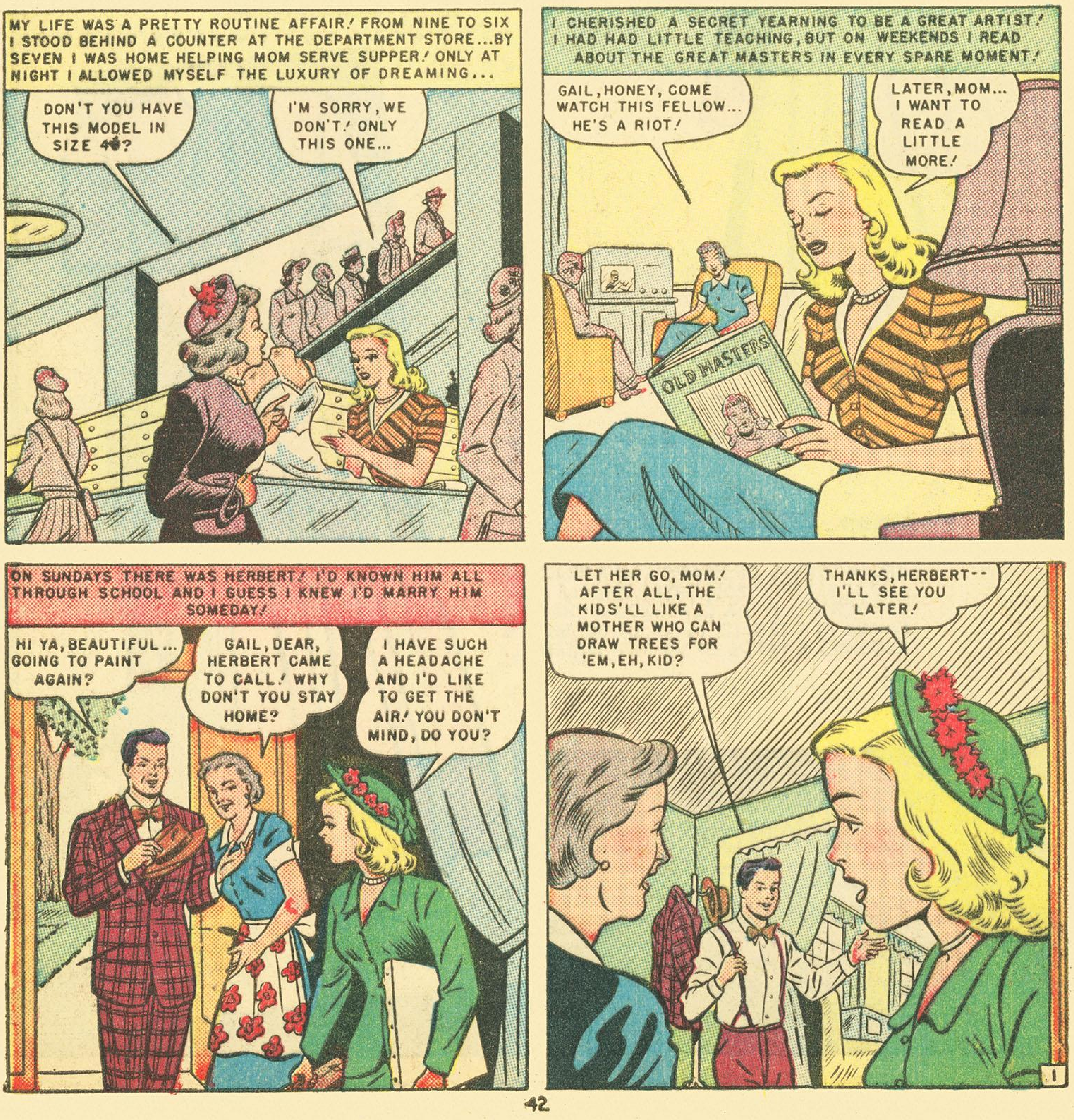
SEND ***TWENTY-FIVE CENTS***
(IN COINS) FOR EACH PATTERN TO:
MISS AMERICA,
PATTERN DEPT., BOX 235, OLD CHELSEA STATION,
NEW YORK 11, N.Y.

FIFTEEN CENTS MORE FOR THE NEW PATTERN BOOK WITH A FREE PATTERN PRINTED IN THE BOOK.

A MISS AMERICA TRUE-TO-LIFE ROMANCE...

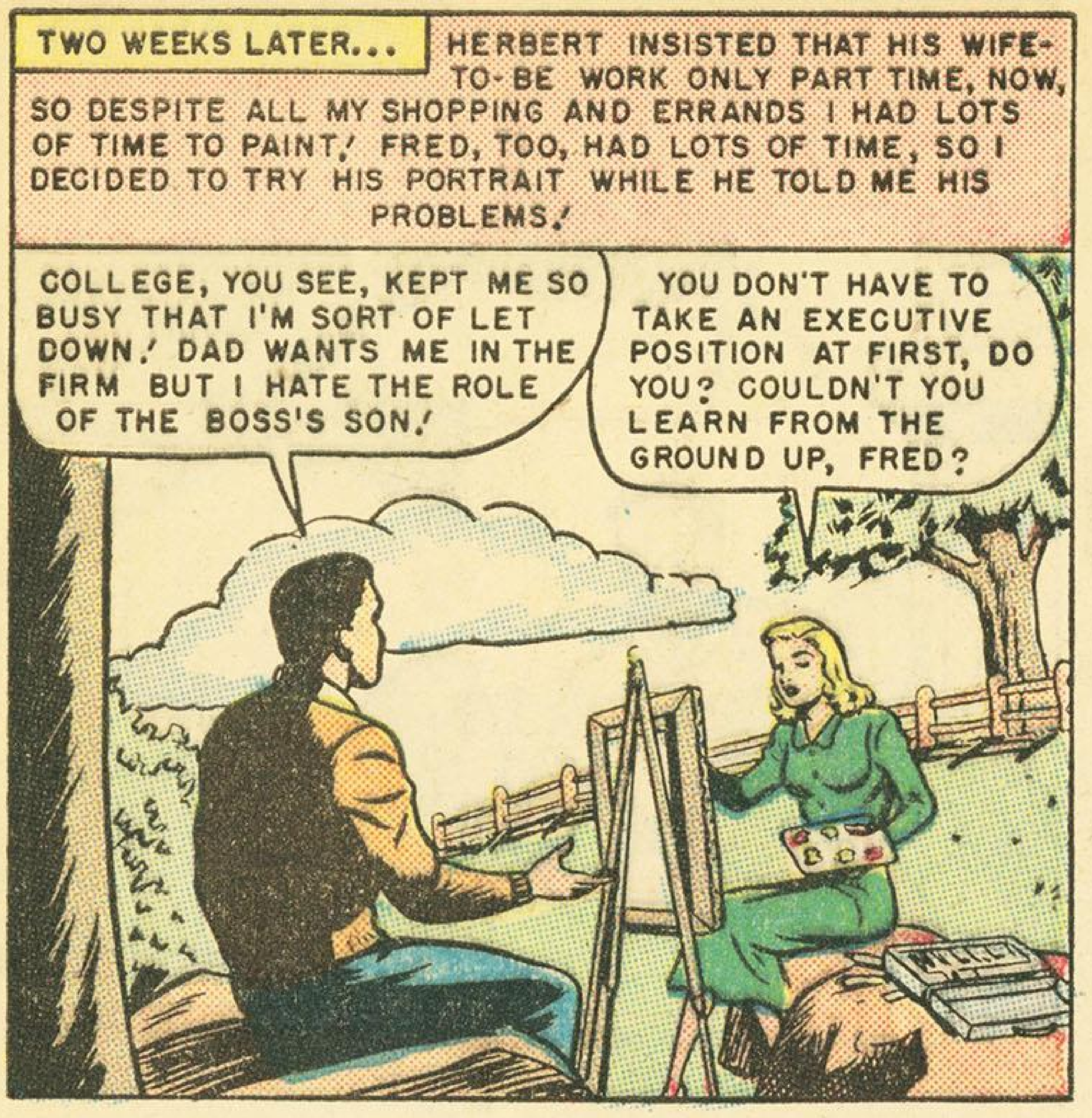
FOR THE Love OF GAIL!

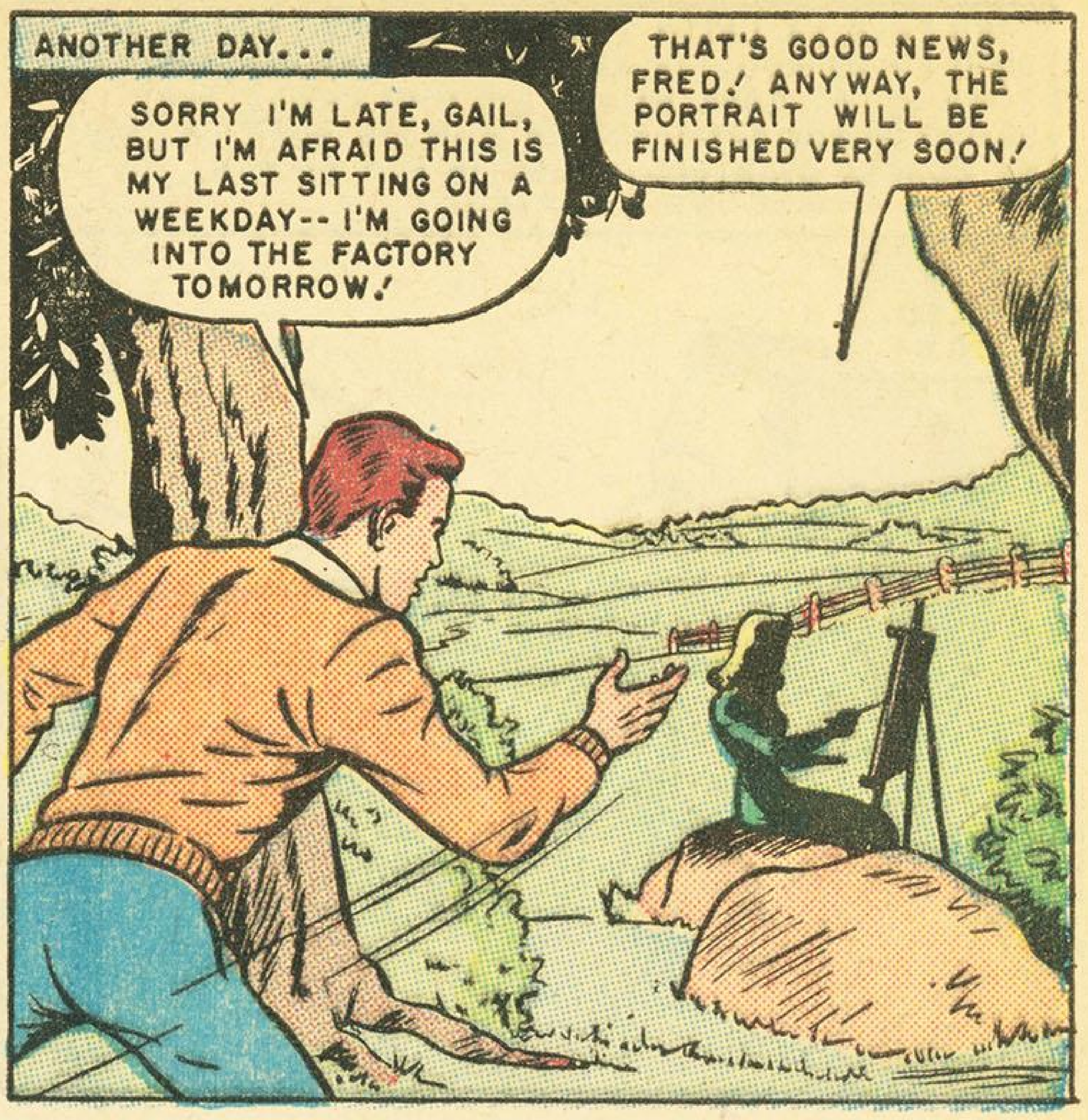
5920

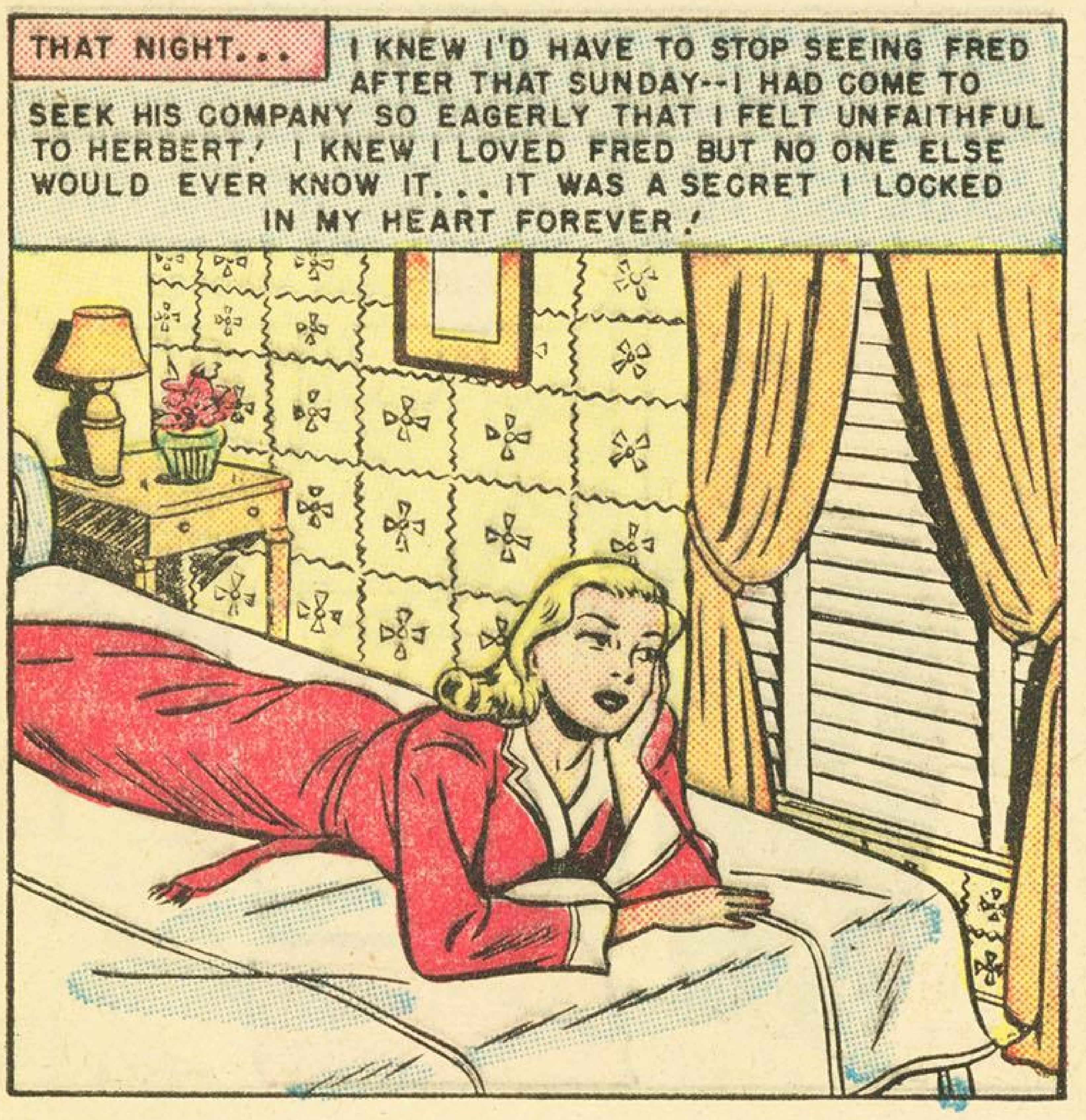

MY LIFE WAS A PRETTY ROUTINE AFFAIR! FROM NINE TO SIX I STOOD BEHIND A COUNTER AT THE DEPARTMENT STORE...BY SEVEN I WAS HOME HELPING MOM SERVE SUPPER! ONLY AT NIGHT I ALLOWED MYSELF THE LUXURY OF DREAMING...
DON'T YOU HAVE THIS MODEL IN SIZE 4[illegible]?
I'M SORRY, WE DON'T! ONLY THIS ONE...
I CHERISHED A SECRET YEARNING TO BE A GREAT ARTIST! I HAD HAD LITTLE TEACHING, BUT ON WEEKENDS I READ ABOUT THE GREAT MASTERS IN EVERY SPARE MOMENT!
GAIL, HONEY, COME WATCH THIS FELLOW... HE'S A RIOT!
LATER, MOM... I WANT TO READ A LITTLE MORE!
OLD MASTERS
ON SUNDAYS THERE WAS HERBERT! I'D KNOWN HIM ALL THROUGH SCHOOL AND I GUESS I KNEW I'D MARRY HIM SOMEDAY!
HI YA, BEAUTIFUL... GOING TO PAINT AGAIN?
GAIL, DEAR, HERBERT CAME TO CALL! WHY DON'T YOU STAY HOME?
I HAVE SUCH A HEADACHE AND I'D LIKE TO GET THE AIR! YOU DON'T MIND, DO YOU?
LET HER GO, MOM! AFTER ALL, THE KIDS'LL LIKE A MOTHER WHO CAN DRAW TREES FOR 'EM, EH, KID?
THANKS, HERBERT-- I'LL SEE YOU LATER!
1

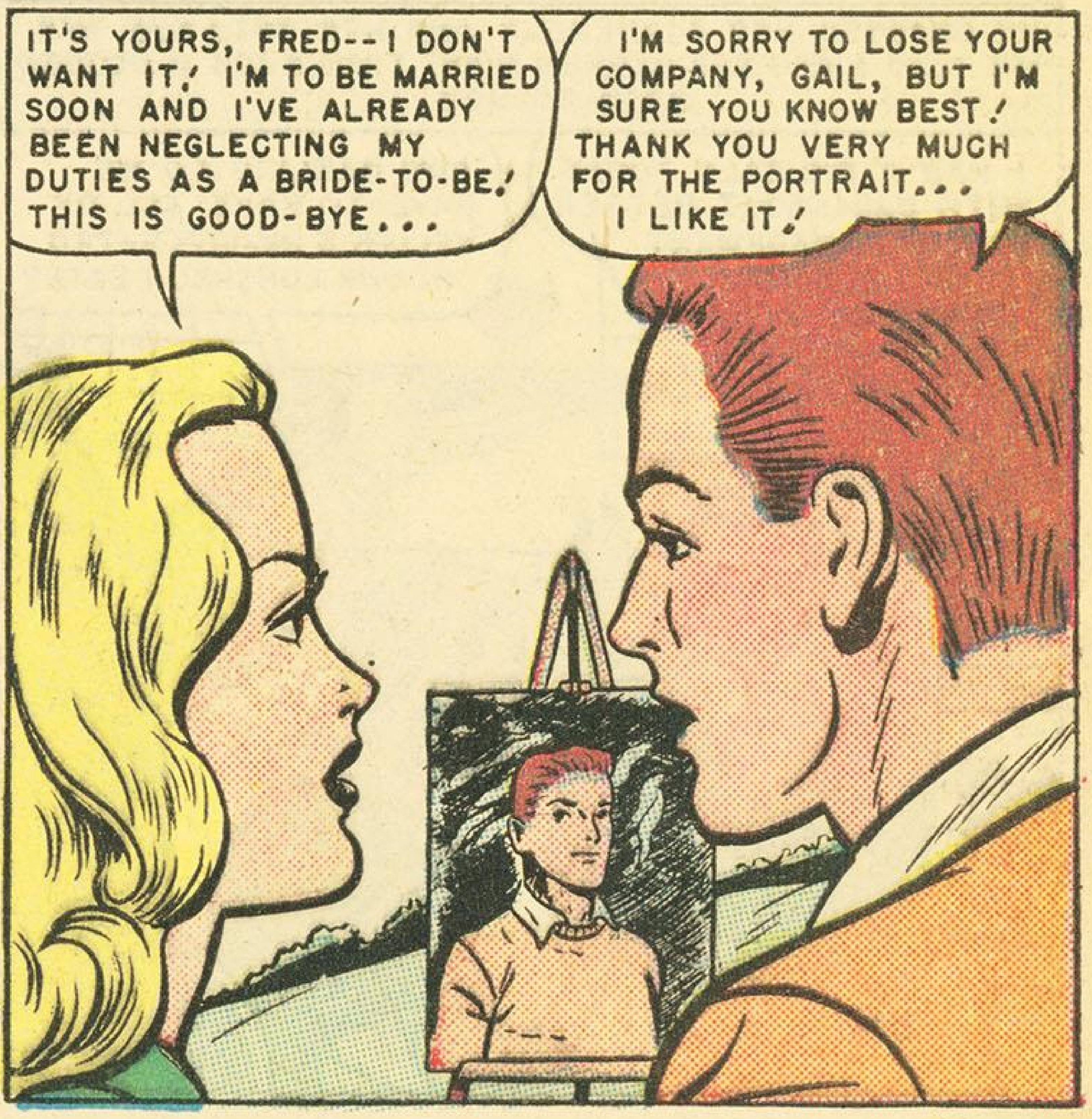
HERBERT WAS A STEADY FELLOW, DEPENDABLE AND HONEST! HE DIDN'T DRINK OR GAMBLE AND I SHOULD HAVE BEEN HAPPY THAT I WOULD ULTIMATELY BE HIS WIFE! SOMEHOW I WASN'T...THERE WAS SO MUCH I ENJOYED THAT HE DIDN'T SHARE!
A HALF-HOUR LATER...AT MY FAVORITE SKETCHING HAUNT, I COMPLETELY FORGOT HERBERT! THE BEAUTY ABOUT ME WAS SO OVERPOWERING THAT I WANTED NOTHING MORE THAN TO CAPTURE IT ON MY CANVAS! I WAS TRESPASSING ON THE HUGE KELLER PROPERTY, BUT IT WAS SO VAST I WAS SURE NO ONE WOULD CARE!
GOT A SLIDE RULE IN MY POCKET IF YOU RUN OUT OF THUMBS!
OH! YOU STARTLED ME! I DIDN'T SEE ANYONE HERE!
I'D LOVE TO SAY I LIVE IN THAT TREE BUT I DON'T... REAL FLESH, SEE? MY NAME'S FRED KELLER!
UH-UH...I KNEW SOMEONE WOULD CATCH UP TO ME SOMEDAY FOR INVADING PRIVATE PROPERTY! SHALL I LEAVE?
NO INDEED--WE'VE GOT CONSERVATION LAWS HERE TO PROTECT THE LOVELY THINGS!
THANK YOU! I'M GAIL PETERSON...I JUST PAINT FOR FUN ON MY DAYS OFF!
I RODE HOME IN A DREAM WORLD! FRED WAS CHARMING, INTERESTED IN MY WORK, AND GAY IN A WAY I'D NEVER KNOWN!
HERE COMES MY LITTLE PAINTRESS, MOM...JUST IN TIME FOR A SNACK BEFORE THE LAST INNING, GAIL!
HELLO, EVERYONE! NOTHING FOR ME, MOM--I'M NOT HUNGRY!

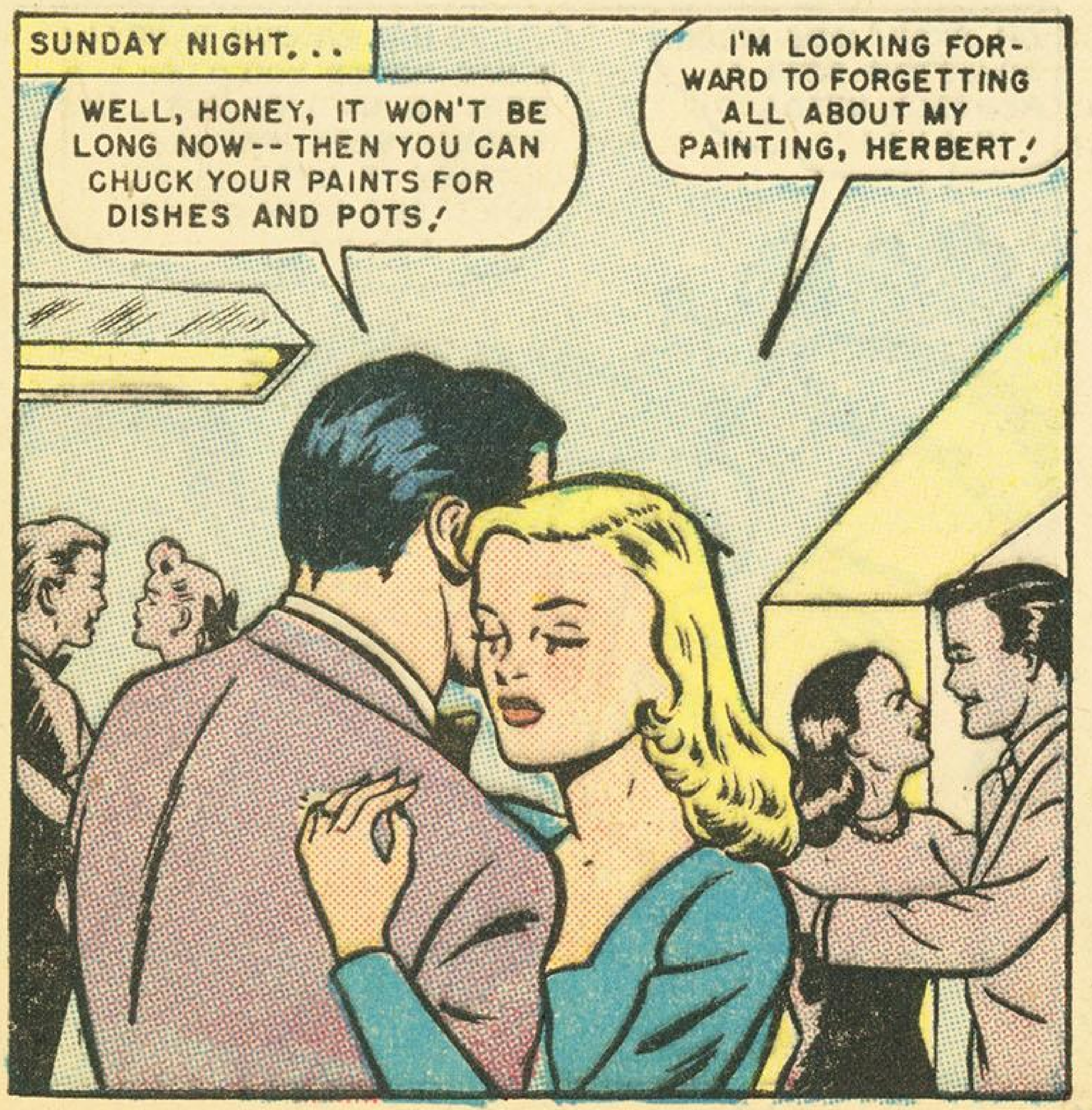
I FOUND MYSELF DREAMING AT WORK... I COULDN'T WAIT FOR THE NEXT WEEKEND! I TOLD MYSELF THAT IT WAS SPRING AND THAT MY ARTIST'S INSTINCTS WERE STIRRED, BUT SECRETLY I KNEW THAT I HOPED FRED WOULD BE THERE AGAIN!
...THESE ARE THE NEW STOCKS THAT HAVE TO BE FILLED... GAIL, GAIL, ARE YOU LISTENING?
I'M SORRY, MISS LYNCH! WHAT DID YOU SAY?
OH, LIL, IT'S GORGEOUS!
AND WE'VE GOT AN APARTMENT LINED UP, TOO!
LIL, CONGRATULATIONS!
WILL YOU AND HERBERT SET THE DATE, GAIL?
THAT EVENING...
DESPITE ALL MY SILLY DREAMS, I KNEW MY FATE! AS IF HE READ MY MIND, HERBERT CALLED FOR ME THAT NIGHT AT THE STORE...
HI, BEAUTIFUL! HOW'D YOU LIKE TO EAT OUT TONIGHT? I CALLED YOUR MOM--I'VE GOT SOMETHING SPECIAL TO ASK YOU!
WHY, ALL RIGHT, HERBERT!
I KNEW WHAT THE QUESTION WAS... I THINK I'D KNOWN ALL MY LIFE! IT WAS SPRING, SO MANY GIRLS WERE GETTING ENGAGED AND, WELL, ...IT WASN'T AS IF I DIDN'T KNOW HERBERT WELL ENOUGH...
THAT'S THE SOMETHING SPECIAL, GAIL! I GUESS YOU'RE A LITTLE SURPRISED, HUH?
OH, HERBERT--IT'S LOVELY! I... OF COURSE I'LL WEAR IT!
ALL MY DREAMS HAD CRUMBLED INTO DUST--MY ART, MY LIFE, A WORLD OF BEAUTY! I JUST HAD TO RESIGN MYSELF TO MARRIAGE!
WELL, THEN, IF YOU'VE ALWAYS LOOKED FORWARD TO MARRYING, WHAT ARE YOU CRYING ABOUT?
I DON'T KNOW, MOM, I SHOULD FEEL GAY! IT'LL BE FUN TELLING THE GIRLS... SHOPPING FOR LINEN AND DISHES! I'LL TRY TO BE HAPPY
SUNDAY!
I CONVINCED MYSELF AND EVERYONE ELSE THAT I STILL NEEDED MY SUNDAY AFTERNOONS TO PAINT, AND I FLED TO MY HAUNT AT THE KELLERS'! FRED WAS THERE! SOMEHOW I KNEW HE WOULD BE...
CONGRATULATIONS! I'M VERY HAPPY FOR YOU... IT WILL MAKE OUR FRIENDSHIP EVEN NICER! I WON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT YOU AS I DO THE OTHERS--THEY ARE FOREVER HOUNDING ME! YOU KNOW IT'S NOT EASY BEING AN ELIGIBLE BACHELOR, AND A WEALTHY ONE AT THAT!
THAT'S TRUE, FRED!
3

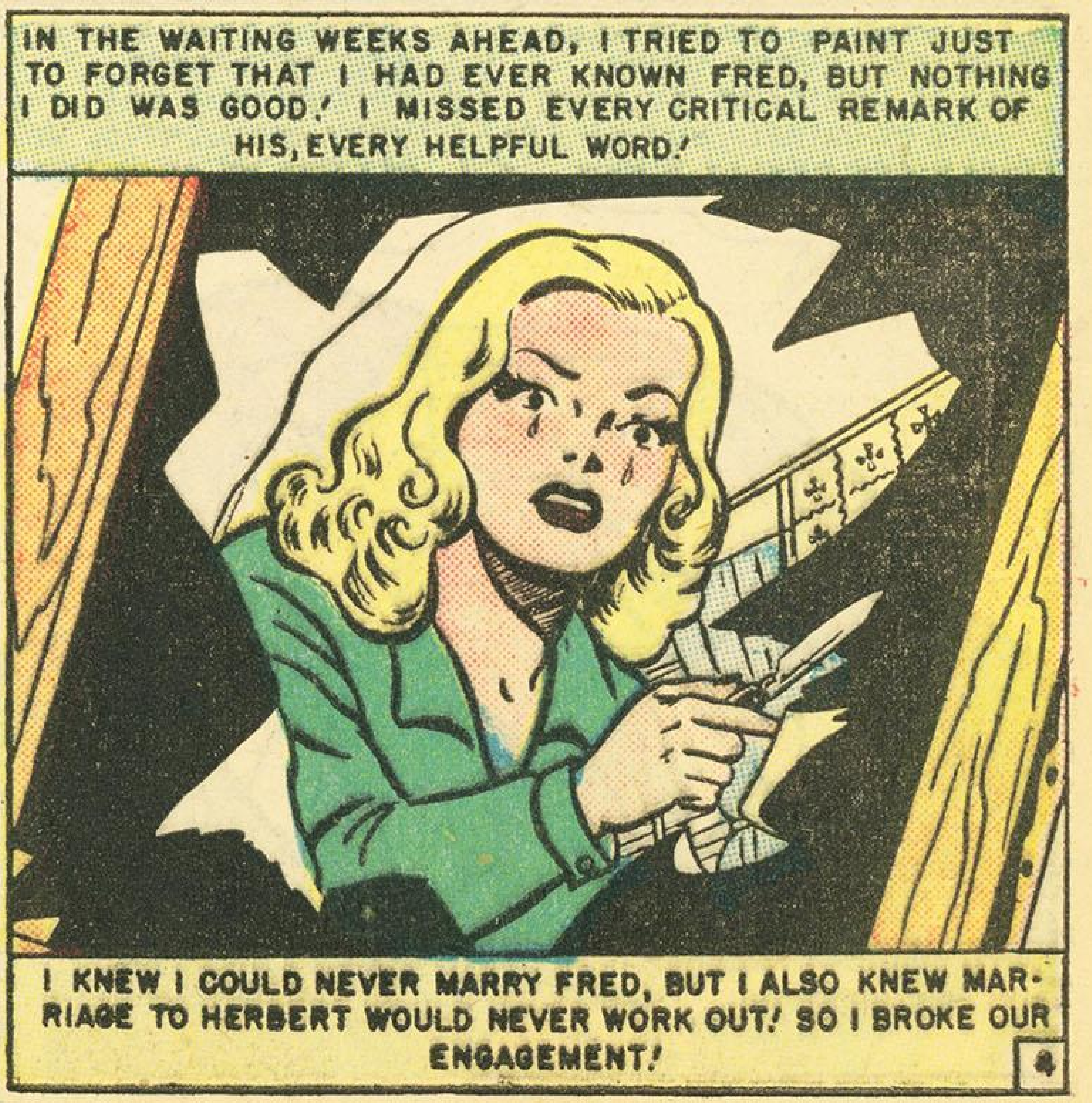

TWO WEEKS LATER...
HERBERT INSISTED THAT HIS WIFE-TO-BE WORK ONLY PART TIME, NOW, SO DESPITE ALL MY SHOPPING AND ERRANDS I HAD LOTS OF TIME TO PAINT! FRED, TOO, HAD LOTS OF TIME, SO I DECIDED TO TRY HIS PORTRAIT WHILE HE TOLD ME HIS PROBLEMS!
COLLEGE, YOU SEE, KEPT ME SO BUSY THAT I'M SORT OF LET DOWN! DAD WANTS ME IN THE FIRM BUT I HATE THE ROLE OF THE BOSS'S SON!
YOU DON'T HAVE TO TAKE AN EXECUTIVE POSITION AT FIRST, DO YOU? COULDN'T YOU LEARN FROM THE GROUND UP, FRED?

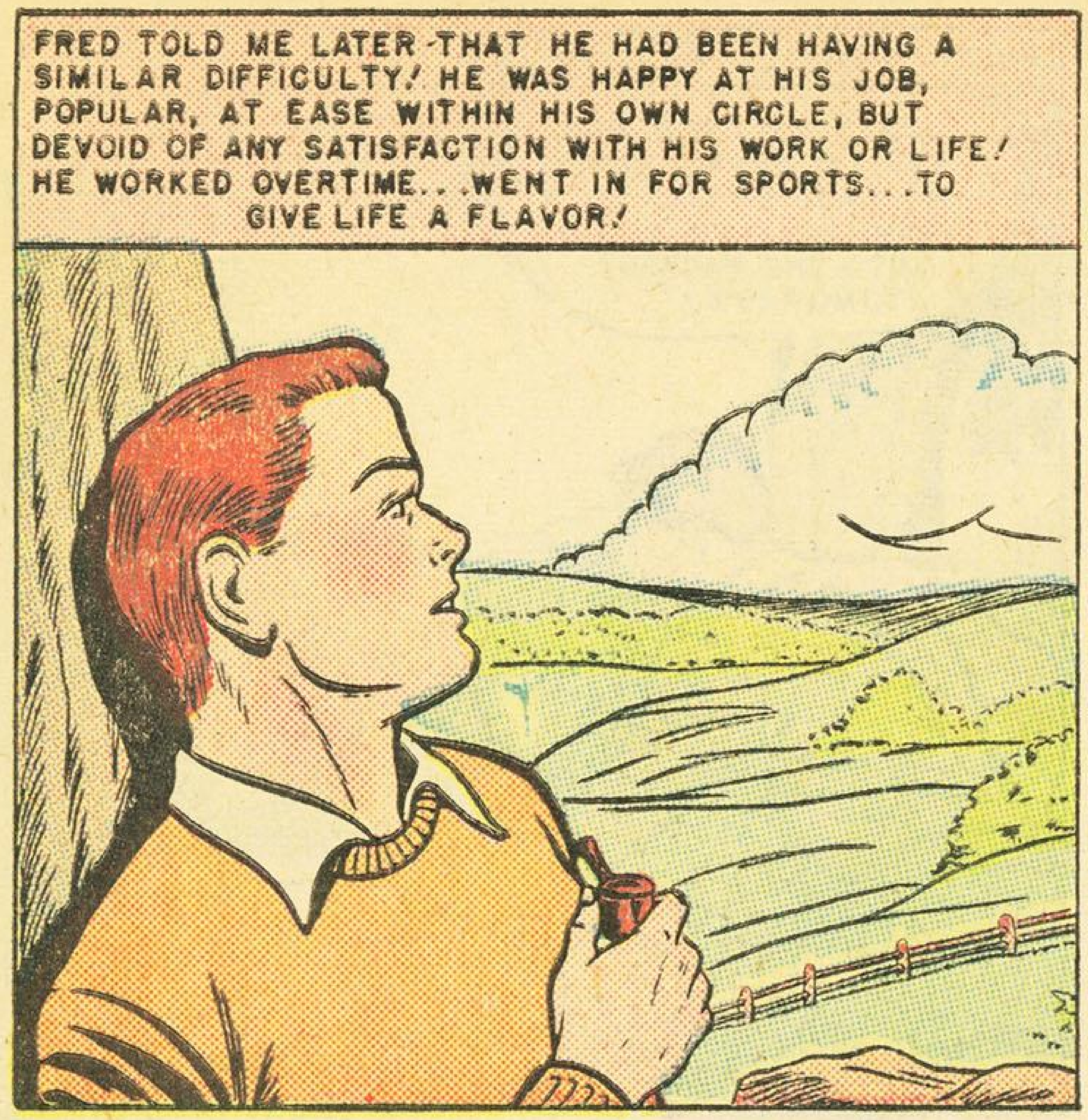

ANOTHER DAY...
SORRY I'M LATE, GAIL, BUT I'M AFRAID THIS IS MY LAST SITTING ON A WEEKDAY-- I'M GOING INTO THE FACTORY TOMORROW!
THAT'S GOOD NEWS, FRED! ANYWAY, THE PORTRAIT WILL BE FINISHED VERY SOON!

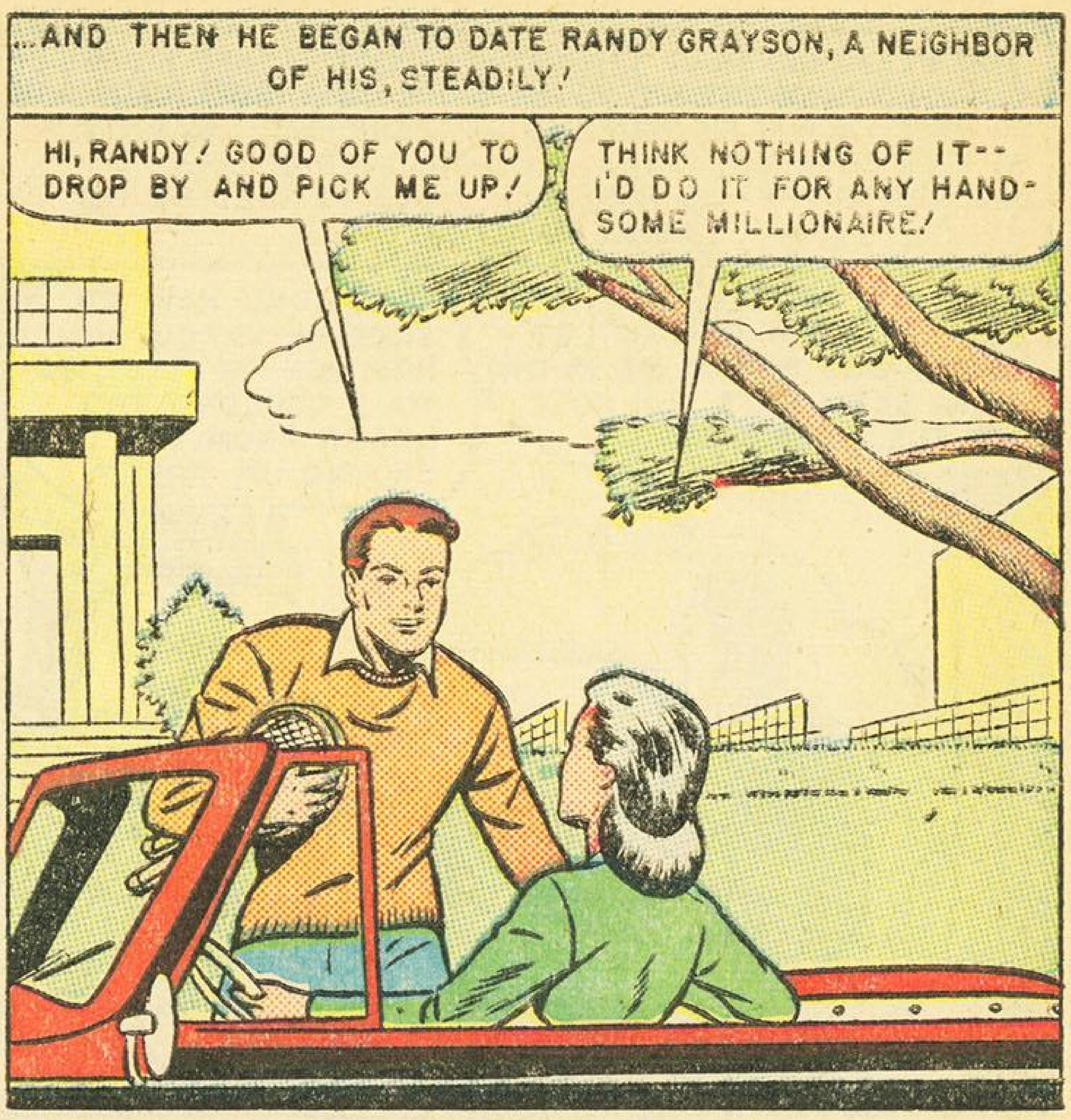

THAT NIGHT...
I KNEW I'D HAVE TO STOP SEEING FRED AFTER THAT SUNDAY--I HAD COME TO SEEK HIS COMPANY SO EAGERLY THAT I FELT UNFAITHFUL TO HERBERT! I KNEW I LOVED FRED BUT NO ONE ELSE WOULD EVER KNOW IT... IT WAS A SECRET I LOCKED IN MY HEART FOREVER!

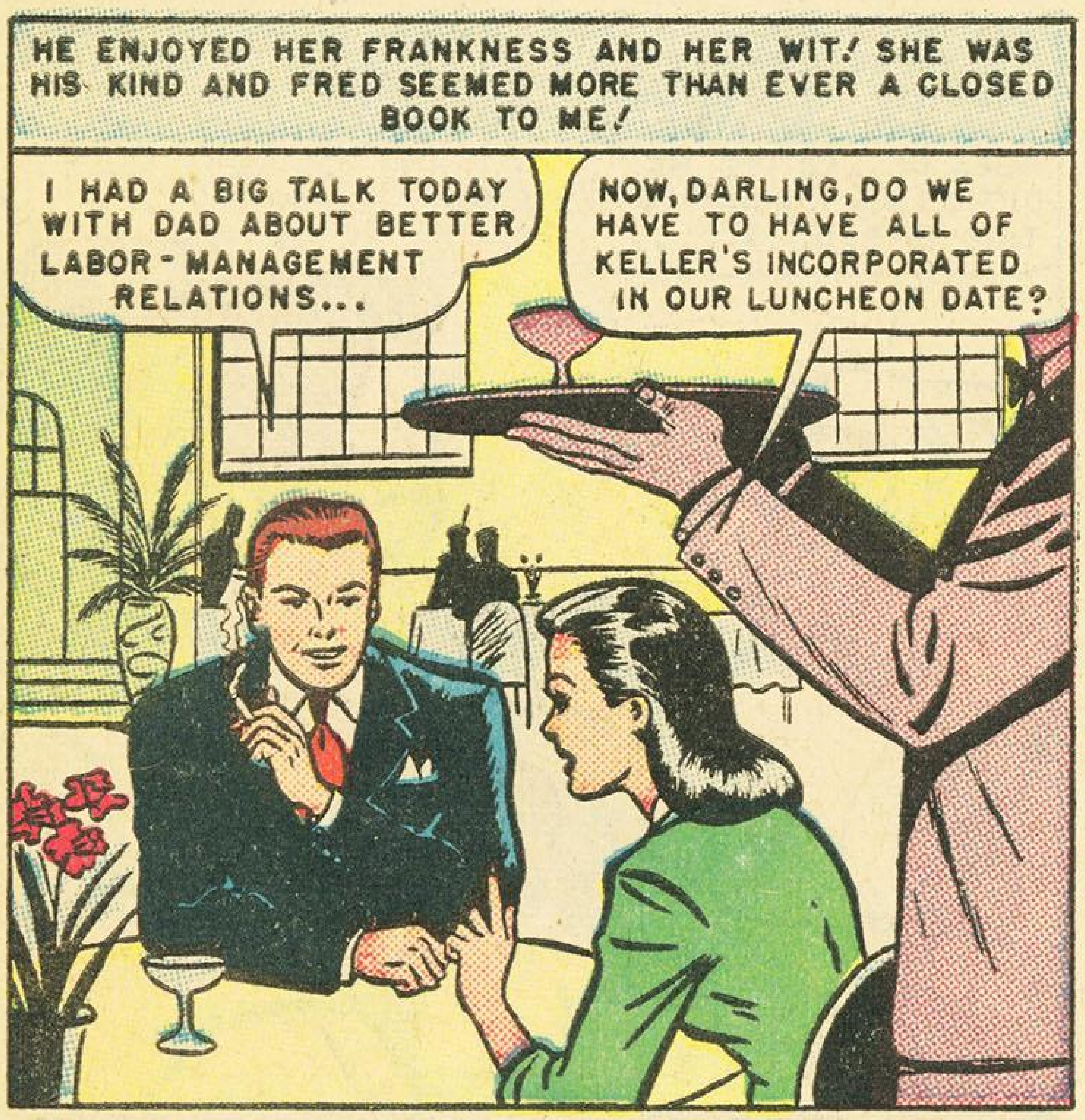

IT'S YOURS, FRED-- I DON'T WANT IT! I'M TO BE MARRIED SOON AND I'VE ALREADY BEEN NEGLECTING MY DUTIES AS A BRIDE-TO-BE! THIS IS GOOD-BYE...
I'M SORRY TO LOSE YOUR COMPANY, GAIL, BUT I'M SURE YOU KNOW BEST! THANK YOU VERY MUCH FOR THE PORTRAIT... I LIKE IT!

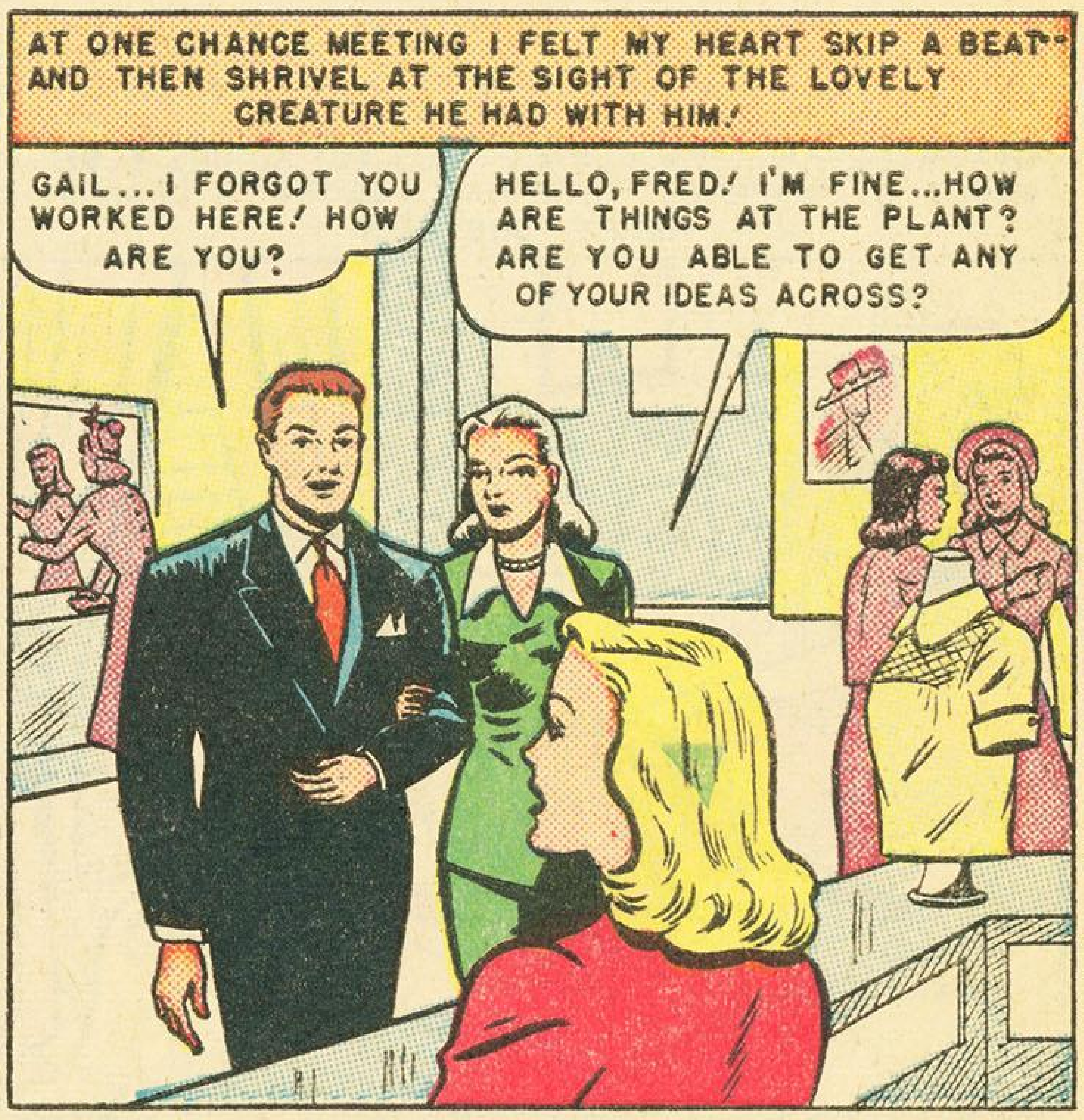

SUNDAY NIGHT...
WELL, HONEY, IT WON'T BE LONG NOW-- THEN YOU CAN CHUCK YOUR PAINTS FOR DISHES AND POTS!
I'M LOOKING FORWARD TO FORGETTING ALL ABOUT MY PAINTING, HERBERT!

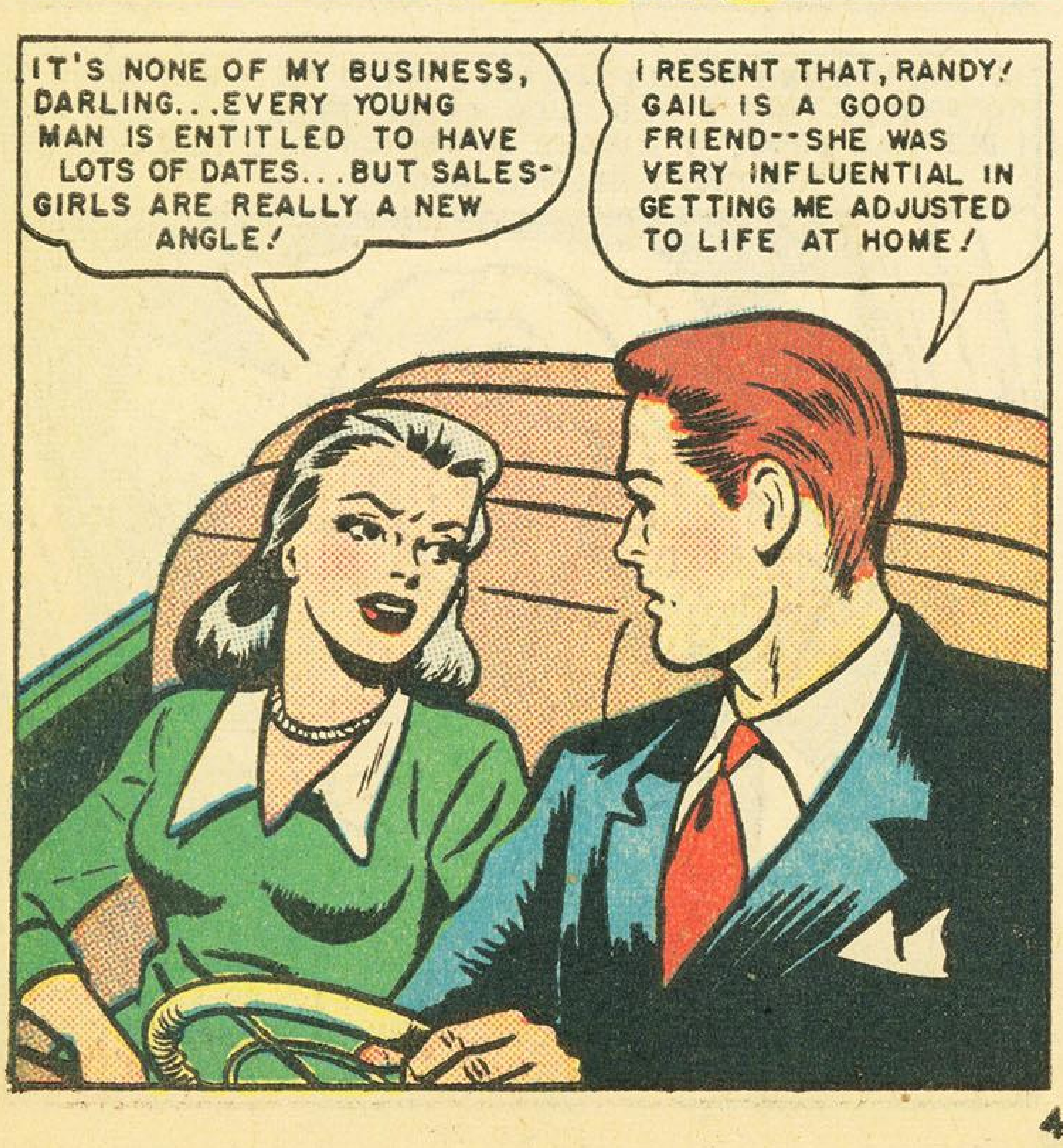

IN THE WAITING WEEKS AHEAD, I TRIED TO PAINT JUST TO FORGET THAT I HAD EVER KNOWN FRED, BUT NOTHING I DID WAS GOOD! I MISSED EVERY CRITICAL REMARK OF HIS, EVERY HELPFUL WORD!
I KNEW I COULD NEVER MARRY FRED, BUT I ALSO KNEW MARRIAGE TO HERBERT WOULD NEVER WORK OUT! SO I BROKE OUR ENGAGEMENT!
4

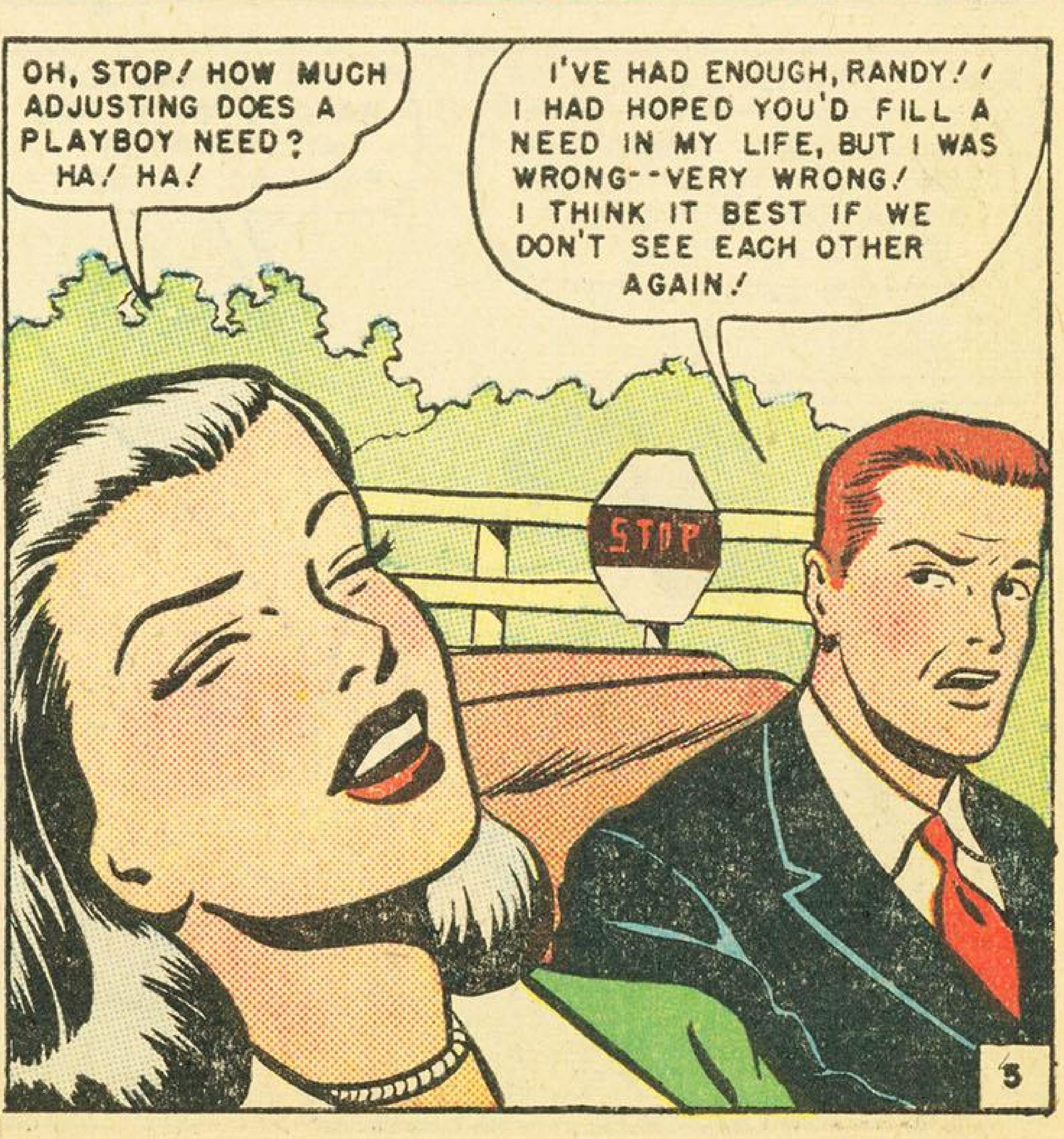

FRED TOLD ME LATER-THAT HE HAD BEEN HAVING A SIMILAR DIFFICULTY! HE WAS HAPPY AT HIS JOB, POPULAR, AT EASE WITHIN HIS OWN CIRCLE, BUT DEVOID OF ANY SATISFACTION WITH HIS WORK OR LIFE! HE WORKED OVERTIME...WENT IN FOR SPORTS...TO GIVE LIFE A FLAVOR!


...AND THEN HE BEGAN TO DATE RANDY GRAYSON, A NEIGHBOR OF HIS, STEADILY!
HI, RANDY! GOOD OF YOU TO DROP BY AND PICK ME UP!
THINK NOTHING OF IT--I'D DO IT FOR ANY HANDSOME MILLIONAIRE!


HE ENJOYED HER FRANKNESS AND HER WIT! SHE WAS HIS KIND AND FRED SEEMED MORE THAN EVER A CLOSED BOOK TO ME!
I HAD A BIG TALK TODAY WITH DAD ABOUT BETTER LABOR-MANAGEMENT RELATIONS...
NOW, DARLING, DO WE HAVE TO HAVE ALL OF KELLER'S INCORPORATED IN OUR LUNCHEON DATE?


AT ONE CHANCE MEETING I FELT MY HEART SKIP A BEAT--AND THEN SHRIVEL AT THE SIGHT OF THE LOVELY CREATURE HE HAD WITH HIM!
GAIL...I FORGOT YOU WORKED HERE! HOW ARE YOU?
HELLO, FRED! I'M FINE...HOW ARE THINGS AT THE PLANT? ARE YOU ABLE TO GET ANY OF YOUR IDEAS ACROSS?


IT'S NONE OF MY BUSINESS, DARLING...EVERY YOUNG MAN IS ENTITLED TO HAVE LOTS OF DATES...BUT SALESGIRLS ARE REALLY A NEW ANGLE!
I RESENT THAT, RANDY! GAIL IS A GOOD FRIEND--SHE WAS VERY INFLUENTIAL IN GETTING ME ADJUSTED TO LIFE AT HOME!


OH, STOP! HOW MUCH ADJUSTING DOES A PLAYBOY NEED? HA! HA!
I'VE HAD ENOUGH, RANDY! I HAD HOPED YOU'D FILL A NEED IN MY LIFE, BUT I WAS WRONG--VERY WRONG! I THINK IT BEST IF WE DON'T SEE EACH OTHER AGAIN!
STOP
5

AFTER FRED'S BREAK-UP WITH RANDY, HE THREW HIMSELF INTO WORK AT THE OFFICE! BUT OVERTIME WAS SAPPING HIS STRENGTH...HE LOST WEIGHT AND APPETITE AND HIS FATHER BECAME CONCERNED!
THE DOOR'S OPEN!
KNOCK! KNOCK!
HELLO, DAD... COME IN!
HELLO, FRED...MIND IF I VISIT? WELL, I DON'T REMEMBER THAT PORTRAIT! FRIEND OF YOURS DO IT?
YES, A YOUNG WOMAN-- AN AMATEUR, OF COURSE! WHAT DO YOU THINK OF IT!
NOT BAD...OBVIOUSLY AN AMATEUR...BUT TALENTED! ONE THING IS CERTAIN-- IT WAS DONE BY A WOMAN IN LOVE WITH YOU! ALL ONE HAS TO DO IS LOOK AT IT TO SEE THAT!
"IN LOVE WITH YOU!" I NEVER THOUGHT...SHE WAS ENGAGED...OH, GAIL, WHAT A FOOL I'VE BEEN! THE ONLY GIRL I'VE EVER LOVED OR WANTED, AND I LET YOU GO!
GAIL--AM I TOO LATE?
GOOD GRACIOUS, WHO IS THIS YOUNG MAN, GAIL?
FRED, OH, FRED! NO!
6
GAIL--HOW CAN YOU EVER FORGIVE ME OR LOVE ME? I DIDN'T EVEN KNOW I WAS IN LOVE! HOW I'VE MISSED YOU!
OH, FRED! MISSING EACH OTHER ALL THAT TIME MAKES THIS MOMENT ALL THE SWEETER!
THE END

WHIZZ QUIZZ

1 **You probably recognize these poems written by Americans—but can you name the authors?**

1. Fog
2. Trees
3. Patterns
4. Snowbound
5. Thanatopsis
6. One-Hoss Shay
7. Annabel Lee
8. The Harp Weaver
9. Paul Revere's Ride
10. O Captain! My Captain!

2 **Here are some colorful cities. It's your job to place them in the country in which they belong.**

1. Oslo
2. Lisbon
3. Milan
4. Geneva
5. Seville
6. Managua
7. Istanbul
8. Bucharest
9. Stockholm
10. Guadalajara

a. Roumania
b. Mexico
c. Turkey
d. Italy
e. Sweden
f. Norway
g. Spain
h. Portugal
i. Switzerland
j. Nicaragua

3 **See if you can unscramble these famous names of the networks . . .**

1. H. V. Day
2. Fred Marx
3. Jo Wilson
4. Dennis Kyser
5. Dorothy Waring
6. Gabriel Godfrey
7. Arthur Kilgallen
8. Kay Kaltenborn
9. Meredith Heatter
10. Groucho Stafford

ANSWERS TO 1: 1—Sandburg, 2—Kilmer, 3—Amy Lowell, 4—Whittier, 5—Bryant, 6—Holmes, 7—Poe, 8—Millay, 9—Longfellow, 10—Whitman.

ANSWERS TO 2: 1—f, 2—h, 3—d, 4—i, 5—g, 6—j, 7—c, 8—a, 9—e, 10—b.

ANSWERS TO 3: 1—H. V. Kaltenborn, 2—Fred Waring, 3—Jo Stafford, 4—Dennis Day, 5—Dorothy Kilgallen, 6—Gabriel Heatter, 7—Arthur Godfrey, 8—Kay Kyser, 9—Meredith Wilson, 10—Groucho Marx.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, AND JULY 2, 1946

of Miss America published monthly at Meriden, Connecticut for October 1, 1949.

State of New York }
County of New York } ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Robert Solomon, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of Miss America and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily, weekly, semiweekly or triweekly newspaper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the acts of March 3, 1933, and July 2, 1946 (section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations), printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Miss America Publishing Corp., 350 5th Avenue, New York 1, N. Y.; Editor, Stan Lee, 350 5th Avenue, New York 1, N. Y.; Managing Editor, Martin Goodman, 350 5th Avenue, New York 1, N. Y.; Business Manager, Robert Solomon, 350 5th Avenue, New York 1, N. Y.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one percent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.)

Miss America Publishing Corp., 350 5th Avenue, New York 1, N. Y.; Martin Goodman, 350 5th Avenue, New York 1, N. Y.; Jean Goodman, 350 5th Avenue, New York 1, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.)

None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the twelve months preceding the date shown above is .... (This information is required from daily, weekly, semiweekly, and triweekly newspapers only.)

(Signed) ROBERT SOLOMON.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 14th day of September, 1949.

(SEAL) GRACE TARULLI.
(My commission expires March 30, 1950.)

FOOD FOR FUN

SPANISH LAMB . . .

When Mom turns over the kitchen stove to you, why not be a star performer? You can dress up lamb to make a dish fit for a grand duchess.

Pick out a breast of lamb weighing about three pounds. Have your butcher crack the bones for you. Wipe the meat well and put it in a pot with a bouquet of sweet herbs, such as tarragon, basil, thyme and parsley, two onions stuck with six cloves apiece, ½ of a teaspoon salt, ½ of a teaspoon peppercorns and ¼ of a cup each of chopped celery and carrots.

Cover with boiling water and simmer until the bones slip easily from the meat. Take out the meat, remove bones and press meat under a heavy weight. Let cool and then trim into shape. Roll in finely ground cornflake crumbs. Beat two eggs lightly with four tablespoons water. Dip meat into the mixture and then again into the crumbs. Fry in deep fat until it's a golden, crisp brown and serve with this Sauce d'Espagne:

Brown one finely chopped onion lightly in a couple of tablespoons of butter for about five minutes. Add a chopped and seeded green pepper, a clove of garlic and two tomatoes, peeled and cut in pieces. Cook for 15 minutes. Season with cayenne, a dash of Tabasco, and salt and pepper. Serve the sauce hot with the lamb.

PLEASING POUND . . .

Here's a new recipe for pound cake — that old-fashioned teatime darling. This seems especially good so give it a try the next time you feel like baking.

Beat up a cup of butter until it is creamy, and then add slowly 1½ cups of pastry flour which have been sifted with ¾ of a teaspoon of baking powder, ¼ of a teaspoon of salt and ¼ of a teaspoon of mace. Separate four eggs, and beat the yolks. Add 1⅓ cups of confectioners' sugar. Then add all to the butter.

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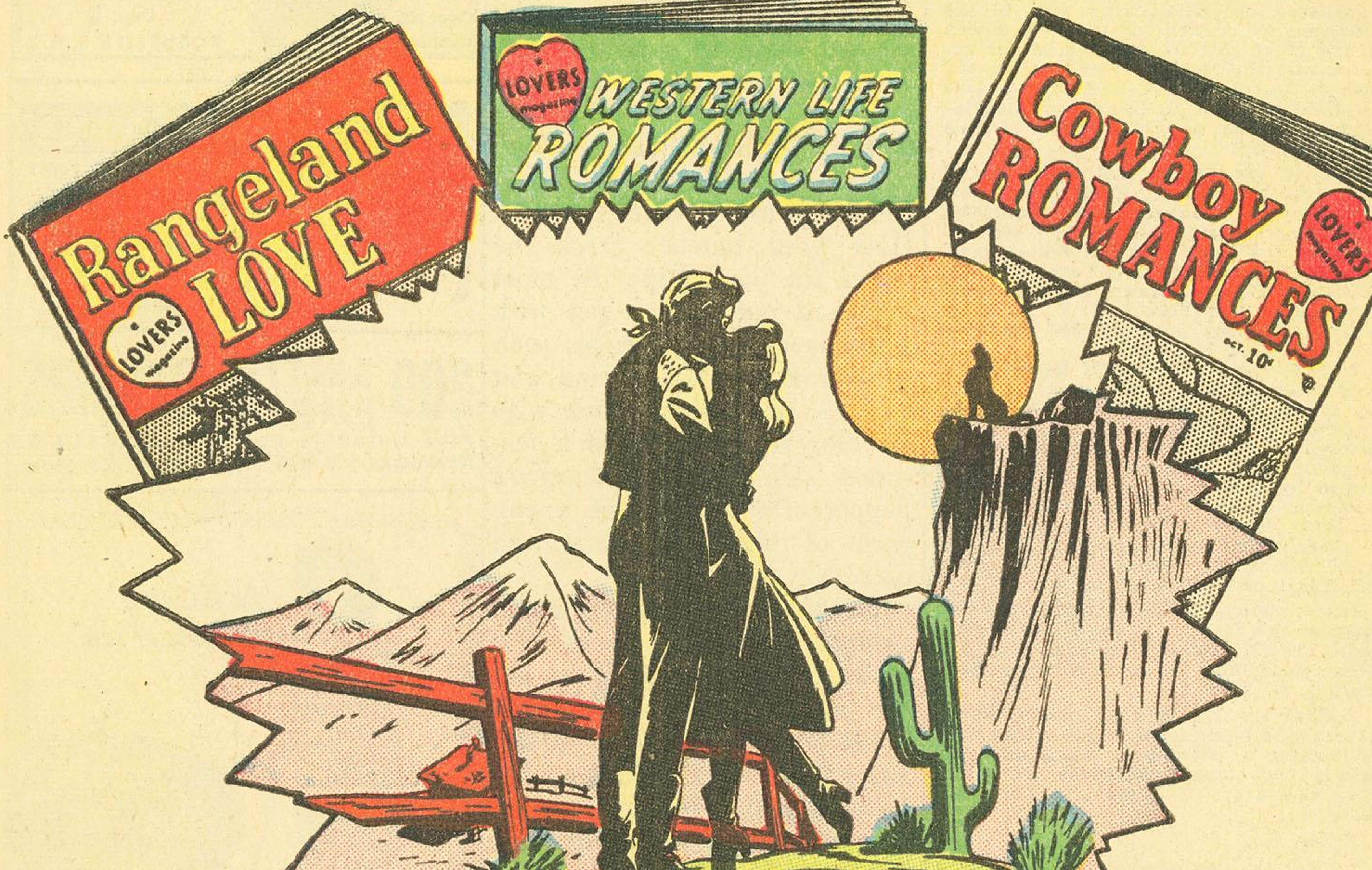
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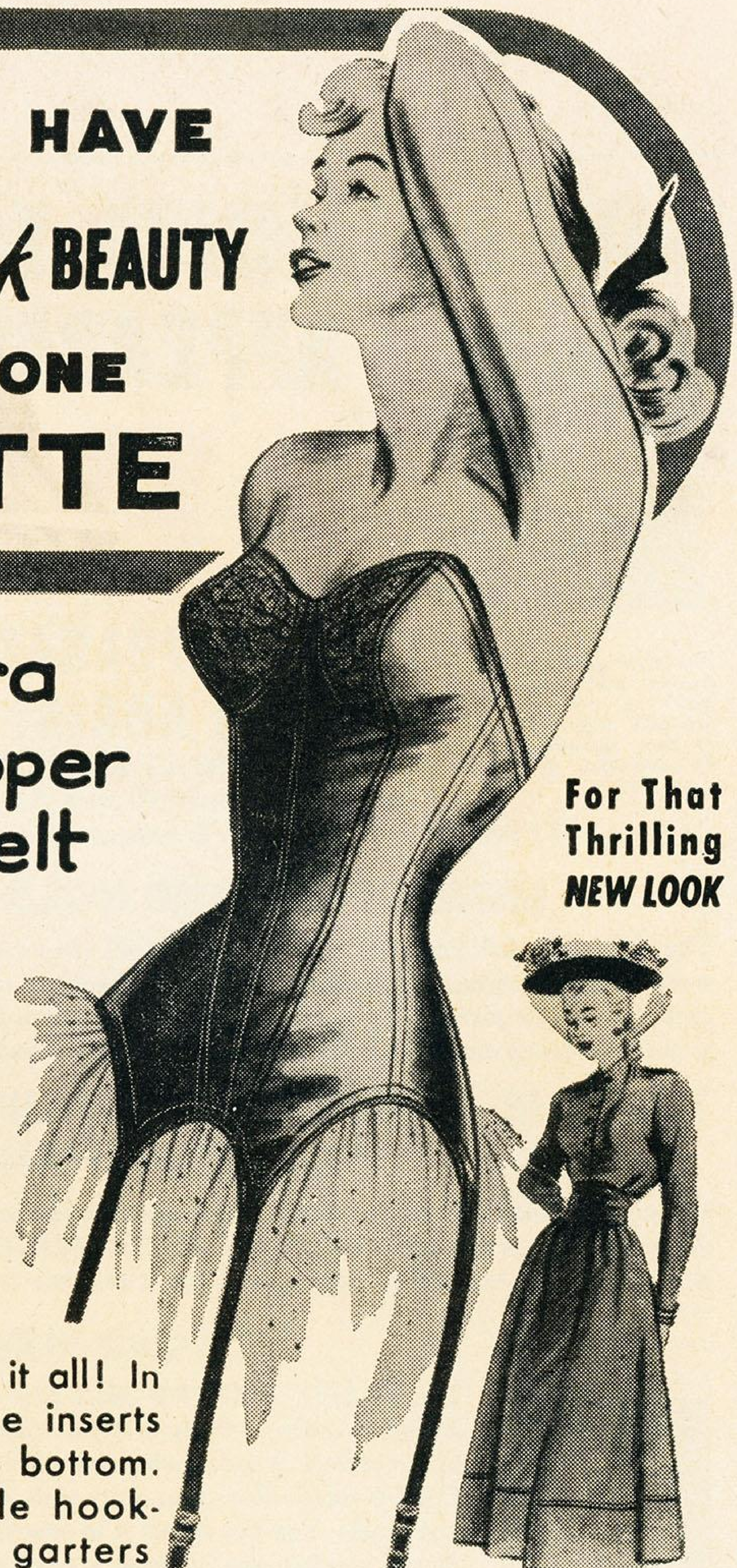

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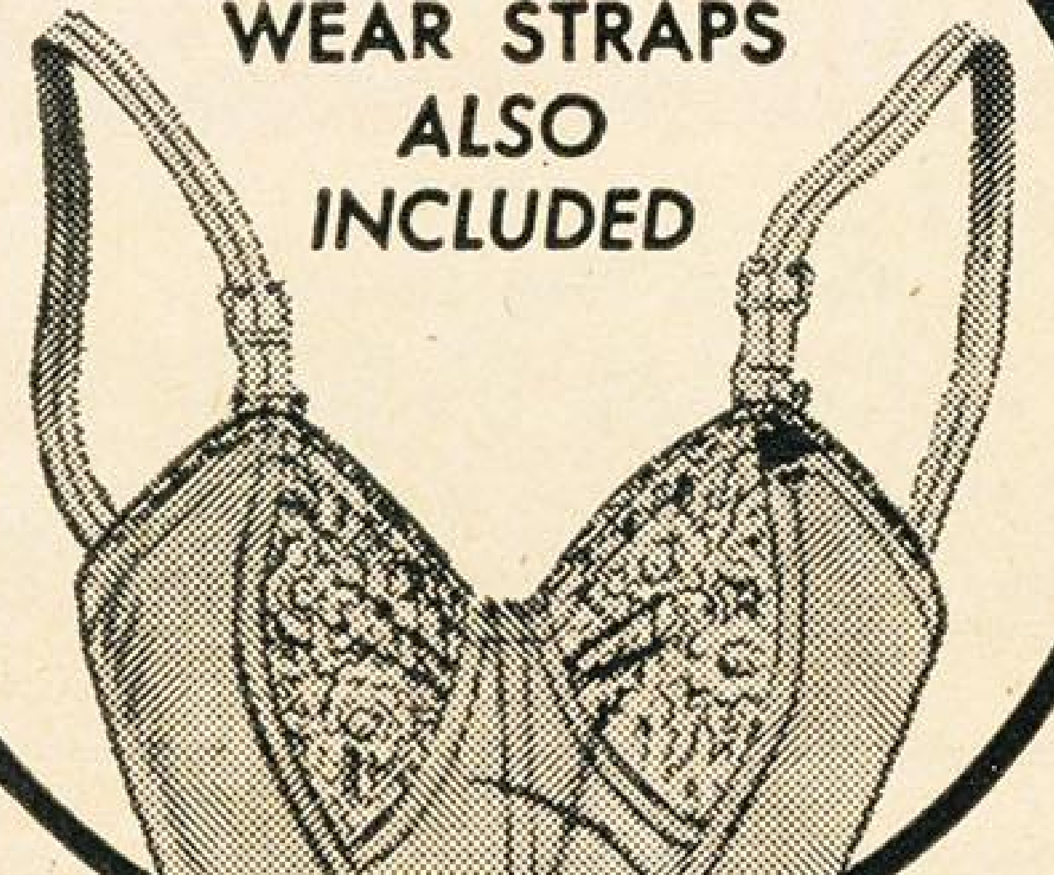

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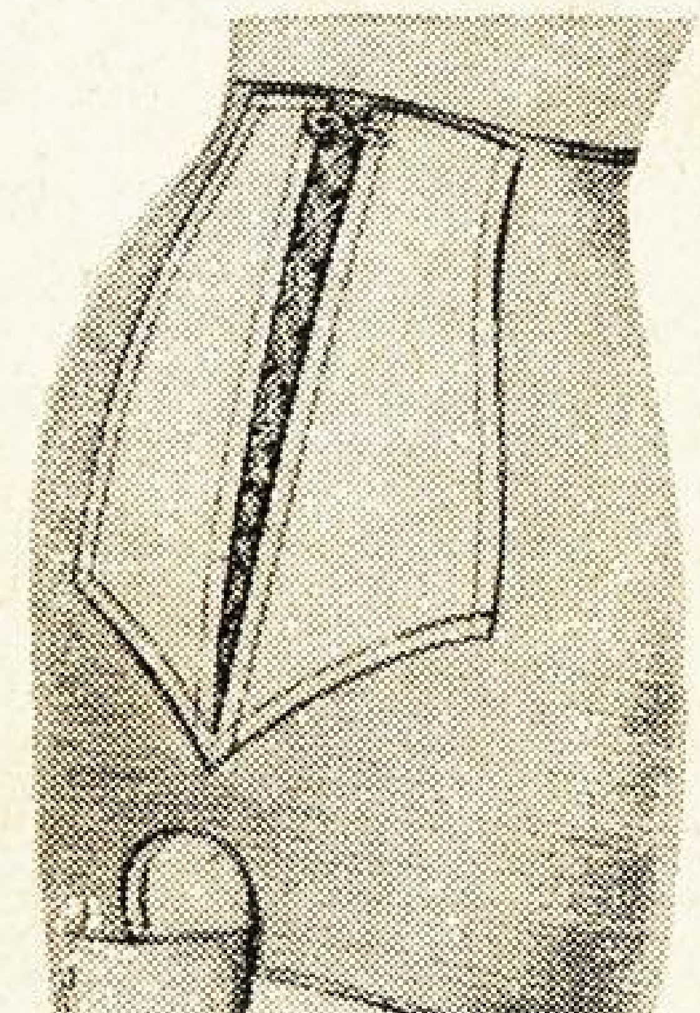

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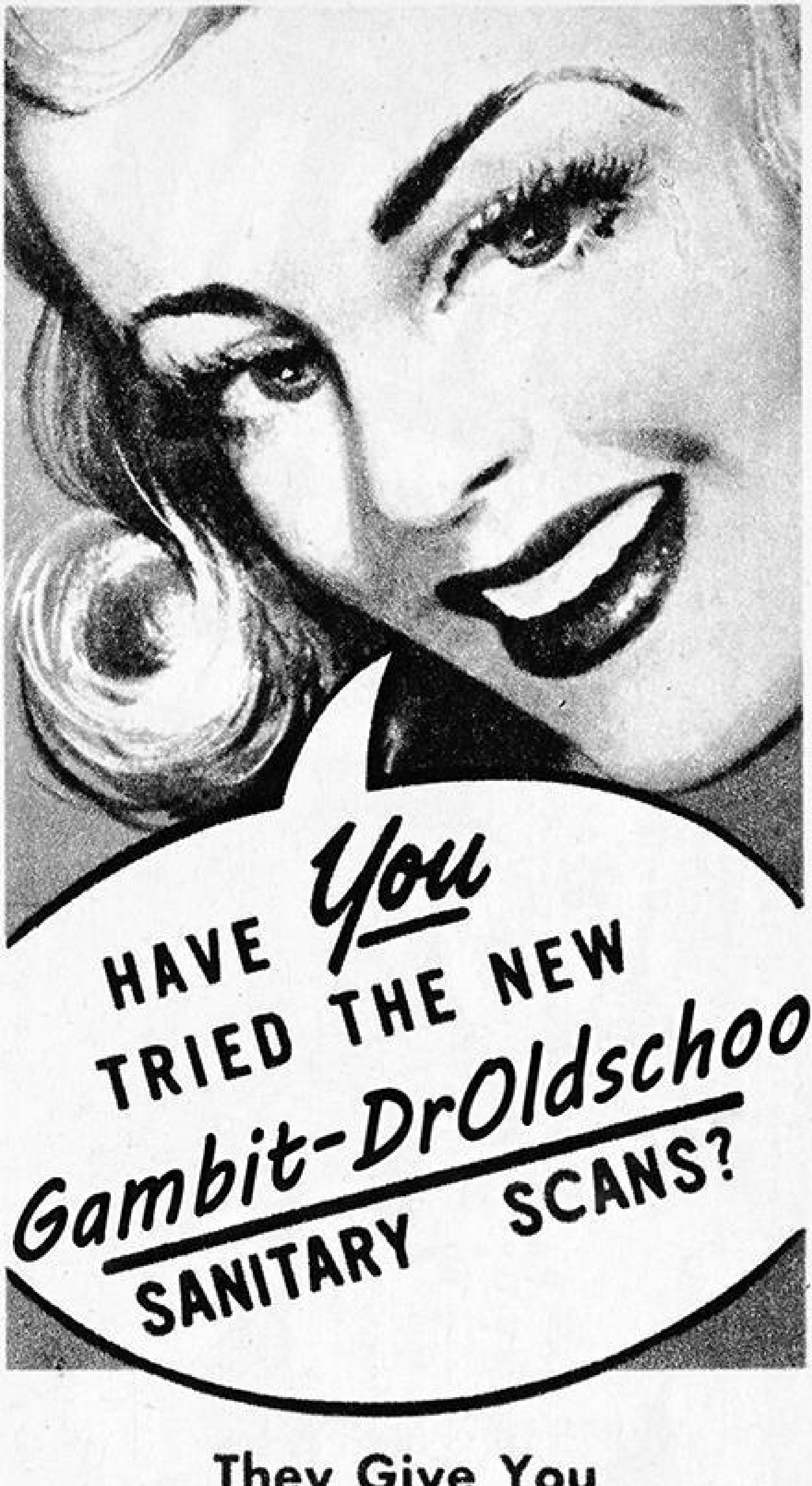
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